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THURS: HIP HOP el-Famoso	
FRI: DEEP/CLASSIC HOUSE TRANSIT	
SUN: DRUM'N'BASS airtight	

DISCORDER

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"THE RADIO SHALL BE A TINDERBOX OR IT SHALL BE NOTHING AT ALL! DOWN WITH THE RADIO-AS-PACIFIER!" (ANONYMOUS SLOGAN) PHOTOMONTAGE BY A. KINIK, ADDITIONAL COMPUTER STUFF BY ROB H.

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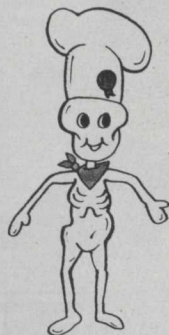
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ETCHED AMPALLANG by Ted Dave



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TED DAVE

Vancouver Special



BY JANIS MCKENZIE

MOLESTICS Manufacturing Hokum (King Hokum)

What to make of these corn hucksters with a social conscience? The first time I saw them, I was reminded of some well-to-do, earnest and elderly banjo-wielding gentlemen in matching outfits I once saw playing Dixieland in a West Vancouver pub, although of course the youthful and Strathcona-formed Molestics look darn different and use some bad words too. No, in spite of the pleasing and rock-steady '20s jazz rhythms, the Molestics have more in common with who-gives-a-shit folk singers and politicized punk bands, at least if you listen to the lyrics, which are often pointed and sometimes downright nasty. Sam's guitar playing has evolved to sheer loveliness over the years and the band has become more ambitious (although it could hardly have become more goofy), the Molestics steal from an unlikely mix of sources, and cover composers as varied as **Rossini** and **Bob** (King of Western Swing) **Wills**, often putting

just enough of a twist on things so that you'll know they could play the songs straight if they wanted to, but that they have bigger plans. So what is it all about? According to the back of the CD: "The anals [sic] of Jazz history provide the modern Hokum artist with much fertiliser ... the



highbrow wouldn't be highbrow without the nobrow."

Well, that's a good argument, but I'd be afraid of it falling into the hands of a **Bob Seger** fan, for instance! For upcoming shows, an explanation of hokum, and some self-deprecating humour, visit the band website at www.molestics.com. [657 Prior

Street, Vancouver, BC, V6A 2G7, <hokum@molestics.com>]

BERTINE Morbid Latenight Show (Network)

No, she's not from Vancouver, but Norwegian chanteuse **Bertine Zeltitz** is sure cute! The host of her own TV show and winner of loads of accolades back home, Bertine is sure to remind Canadian listeners of **The Cardigans**, with her wily blonde good looks and wispy high voice, although she doesn't seem to share their sense of humour (at least there aren't any **Black Sabbath** covers here). This debut CD is covers a lot of Euro-pop ground, with bits that sound like '60s French girl singers, snippets of lounge-lizard exotica, and even **Stereolab**-ish flavours. While Bertine's singing isn't all that impressive and the music isn't anything we haven't heard before, **Morbid Latenight Show** makes for quite a charming little listen. [www.network.com, Network, 1650 West 2nd Ave., Vancouver V6J 1H4]

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BY BILLK

BUKOWSKI'S BAR AND BISTRO (1447 Commercial Drive)

A friend of mine once told me his theory about eating out. He said that everybody should be able to go out and get a decent meal for the price of an hour's work at minimum wage. The more I think about that, the more sense it makes. Now, let's see if we can apply that rule to Bukowski's. The menu was extensive, with a variety of prices ranging from around six to sixteen bucks. I was hungry and needed something that would give me fuel for the day while still costing less than \$7.15. I ordered the grilled chicken on focaccia with a Caesar salad and a soda pop, total cost: \$9.05 plus tip. Not even close to my target. On the up side, the portion was more than generous and the food itself wasn't too bad. The grilled chicken on focaccia had lettuce, tomato and a hint of dijon mustard. I've had a similar dish elsewhere and it is always pretty bland fare. The

dijon was a nice touch here, but not enough to get me too worked up. As for my salad, a Caesar salad is a Caesar salad. Have you ever had one that you can remember?

The more I think about the restaurant's name, the sadder it makes me. The idea of opening a literary theme restaurant called "Bukowski's" has got to be the most juvenile thing I've ever heard of. To begin with, these restaurants are brutal, period. That aside, I don't think Charles Bukowski is ideal for a namesake. Sure, he could turn a phrase at times, but he was also pretty hateful, especially towards women. He would probably want to beat the shit out of everyone who was there and fuck the "cunt" that served him [to put it in his kind of terms].

When I first heard about Bukowski's, I pictured a dank little cafe with strong coffee, poetry readings, and pretentious writers. Instead, Bukowski's is big, yellow, and feels more like an Earl's than some Beat

hangout. They do host some readings and musical events on Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday evenings, but since I was there for lunch on Saturday, I missed out on the action. Maybe I'm totally reading the place wrong, but it seems like the type of place that yuppies and the like would go to if they wanted to experience something "different" without ever having to leave the luxury of their money behind. Don't get me wrong, the food isn't bad at all. I just don't like being a prop in someone's holiday on the East Side. One good thing, though, was the choice of music: Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young (hey, I'm certainly not hip).

Looking back, if I was willing to spend more I probably could have gotten something a little more exciting to eat at Bukowski's. I wasn't willing to spend any more than that for lunch and I don't think anyone should have to. The highlight of the afternoon had to be hearing "Helpless" on the way out. Neil rocks.*



BY BLAINE K

Grumpy Old Dog

I just moved, which meant having to locate, pack up, and dump my CD collection (and the odd cassette) from the old place to the new one. As I sorted CDs into plastic cases, cases into cardboard boxes, I realized something. Not only do I have too many CDs, but there are simply too many CDs in the marketplace.

It's no wonder that music retailers are lamenting the flat curves on their revenue charts. I thought back to that craziest of crazy retail seasons, Christmas. Remember walking into the record stores? Sensory overload. There were so many jewels on the shelves, reflecting the flashing coloured bulbs, how could you possibly decide? I was either going to spend hundreds of dollars or spend nothing.

I spent nothing. It was simply too difficult to pick which CD out of the stack in my arms should come home with me.

Once upon a time, artists needed the record labels to as-

sist with recording and copying music for distribution. Not anymore. Technology has enabled virtually anyone to compose, record, and make copies of their music. And there are more "do-it-yourselfers" in existence than ever before, using computers and the acoustical variations of bathrooms to record, and taking advantage of cheap CD copying facilities (who will press CDs for about a dollar a piece). And while computers have enabled artists to deke around the labels, making their own music on their own terms, there are some major drawbacks: most DIY music doesn't deserve to be recorded, let alone copied.

But the corporations that now control the labels are also at fault. They aren't making decisions on who to sign based on talent or musical contribution. They are in the music industry for the money and, more often than not, are choosing who to cut back purely because of the marketability of the product.

How else do you think the Spice Girls came to be? Of course, the corporations — also taking advantage of cheaper CD production costs — are blitzing music buyers, trying to provide something for everyone. Trying to make an even bigger buck. This also means that, for record stores that have a finite amount of shelf space, only certain artists and CDs will be available to music buyers. What choice is there in that?

I find it hard to blame the sagging shelves in music stores and the dearth of well-crafted albums on the musicmakers who are so dedicated they devote time, energy, and money to something that will probably only ever be heard by their friends and family. Perhaps the record labels should exercise greater resolve in signing artists. Traditionally, we could expect a good label to produce only music worth listening to. It's time for labels to cut back. Emphasize quality over quantity.*

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KIM BROWN

Who art thou (name, age, instruments played)?

I am the sun, you are the moon, I am the song, you are the tune, play me ...

Were you always Kym Brown as far as your performing goes? In other words, from whence have you come, Kym?

In grade four I won the role of first rat in our adaptation of the *Fied Piper*, and in grade eight I played star quarterback on the girls flag football team. In a parallel universe that precedes ours, I believe that aliens somehow extracted DNA strands from Neil Diamond, Olivia Newton-John and Jimi Hendrix, and crossbred them with one Homo sapien in our world to create Kym Brown.

What role have Futcher of Hellenkeller and local journalist Denise Sheppard played in your music endeavors?

Futcher is a wildly eccentric and inspirational individual who provided a missing link and laid the foundation during the early recording of my debut CD *Pygmalion*. What can I say about Denise other than she too has inspired me to write songs.

We noticed that you use two vocal mics. Why is this? Also, do you play with more effects than anyone else in Vancouver?

Using one clean mic and placing an effectmic distortion on another allows for a more dynamic range of sonic translation without giving myself vocal nodes. Plus, it sounds cool. I'm not so sure that I play with more effects than anyone else in Vancouver, but I may play more with effects than anyone else in Vancouver. The pre-release of your CD seems to have a million over-dubs and new sounds appear, even after 30 listens. How many hours do you spend on one song? What takes longer, recording the song or mixing?

I spend anywhere from one hour (including mixing) to too-many-to-count hours on one song, depending on the vibe of the song and/or the voices in my head. When I went to Futcher with demos from the Hive, we ended up re-tracking a lot while we were supposedly mixing. Then when I went to do the final mixes with Saint Simko, we ended up doing the same while setting up for the new mixes, and then adding more still in the middle of mixing. So mixing and tracking really took on a symbiotic relationship of their own during the making of this CD.

Did you ever get the disease of the person you are singing to in the song 'Milk and Plenty'? Is this song about obsession, the desire to be dominated, or something else?

In this song I'm singing more to a collective of persons, or an entity, perhaps. What I really got was an aerial view of Barbie's mansion in Topsy-Turvy land. All neon pink and shiny, it shimmered while a glittery veil of The Incredible Shrinking Woman's potion hovered by the front door handle beside a dotted line and an X. One big Monte Hall reverberated, pounding in my head, and I awoke with a sort of perfume taste in my mouth, not unlike that of Obsession. So this song is really a celebration you see, a sort of

triumph over those parasitic forces which will attempt to mislead, manipulate, and exploit the artists who is having a tough time paying rent. **Do you only perform solo now? Is it difficult to reproduce live what you hear on the CD?**

I never attempt to reproduce anything, as that would be an abolition of the moment and the Muses would be forced to smile me. I do perform solo sometimes, with my microphones, effects, acoustic guitar and my Hammond. Currently, I am also performing with Electra Woman (formerly of Quave), who triggers samples, some sequences, and submits beats and other things on her MC505. Sometimes I play thierem in too.

Radio Interview

Live on Thunderbird Radio Hell can be heard Thursdays from 9-11 pm on CITR 101.9 FM

Your CD is now finished and about to be released under the name Pygmalion. Why Pygmalion?

I recorded 'Pygmalion' the song on my four-track, which is really where this all mostly began, so I thought it apt to title the album as such. Also, I like Ovid's basic idea that remaining true to one's self is the magic in actualizing one's ideals, but I also like that oxygen is the perfect substance to breathe and that it binds so wonderfully with hydrogen and who would want to make an elm tree out of an oak seed?

Discography: *Milk and Plenty* (the Hive-grown cassette), *Zoofly* (the pre-release), and *Pygmalion* (the debut CD).

Contact: 604.667.2268.

Anything else to add?

'Yeah, did you really listen to the pre-release 30 times?'

Who are you (names, ages, instruments played)?

Jay Arner, 19, guitar, bass, drums, piano, synthesizer, vocals, etc.; Jeremy Bidnall, 24, guitar, bass, synthesizer; Kevin Cooper, 26, guitar, bass, vocals; Adam Fink, 21, drums; Greg Macdonald, 20, guitar, bass, drums, piano, synthesizer, vocals, etc.

You are here tonight because of your 3rd place finish in Shindig! Of the bands you competed against, who do you feel deserves a plug at this moment?

There were a lot of great bands this year, among them: 42, Baked Alaska, Clover Honey, Feisty, The Disgustees, Peppersands, and of course, Forecasts Farewell.

Tell us about the 'All About Pop' scene here in Vancouver. Is pop in fact what it's all about?

'It's All About Pop' is a series of shows held at the Anzo Club, organized by Scott Walker-Salten-Boy (though he stole the idea outright from Greg and Jay). It happens every month or two, each night featuring a number of local up-and-coming pop acts.

Post performers of note include Baskanova, The New

apparently refuse to explore the potential of creative vocal harmonies, opting instead for mere parallel thirds or fifths, or no harmony at all. While these sometimes sound great, to limit a song to such stylistic guidelines is narrow-minded. It is our dream that, by the year 2000, we are hearing more harmonies that make use of a variety of intervals. To help realize this dream, we have established the Team Strike Force Millennium Harmony Scholarship Foundation (TSFMHSF), a non-profit organization that awards grants to promising young bands on the basis of quality vocal harmonies. Winners are selected by whomever is in Team Strike Force at the time and receive one dollar per year for one thousand years.

Team Strike Force, the cast that you assembled here for Thunderbird Radio Hell is mighty impressive. Is this the current line-up? Do you always have members of the Peppersands, Salteens, and Saturnhead on stage with you? Give us a history lesson.

The short version of the TSF story is as follows: I (all Jay) have been writing and recording as Team Strike Force since December of 1997. In September of 1998, Greg (who also writes songs in TSF), Jeremy, and Kevin joined so the songs could be performed live. Since I was the only one who knew how to play all the drum parts, I played drums live for the first few months, until we coerced drum virtuoso Adam of Peppers Sands into joining. So, yes this is the current lineup, and yes, we are indeed a supergroup. Team Strike Force is the Batman of Vancouver music: all of us are in old-fashioned pop bands by day (and night), but we rock in TSF by night (and day). And we all live together in a secluded cave, making us even more like Batman.

Ask yourself two questions and answer them.

Name two recently-released albums everyone should buy right now.

Kid Martine by Robert Pollard and Ponyoak by Kleenex Girl. Wonder, but that's not really a question now, is it?

Oh, sorry. My mistake. How about this: is it true that Jay and Greg first met in a grade 10 math class?

Yes. Yes it is.

What's next for Team Strike Force? We have a split 7" with Slanted Baby mixed and soon to be pressed. Then, in an outrageous display of originality, we plan to play shows and more shows, hopefully many of them all-gigs. We'll also be recording 20 to 30 songs in my basement on the ol' four-track and Greg's fancy-doluxe eight-track, for an album to be released around the end of the summer. If we can afford it, that is.

Discography

Four-Track Demos EP (1998), *Owl City* EP (1998).

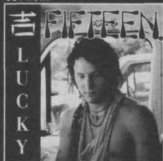
Contact name and address

Team Strike Force c/o 4345 Barker Ave, Burnaby, BC V5G 3C3, 604.970.2501 (Greg), teamstrikeforce@yahoo.com, <http://members.tripod.com/teamstrikeforce/>.

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Capozzi Park is a hodge-podge of very talented and interesting characters who survive on the outskirts of musical sanity. For Mark (voice, acoustic guitar), Max (drums), Marcy (voice), Steve (bass — he made it himself), Robin (voice, organ, guitar), and Scott (keyboards), music as a way of life permeates all aspects of their existence. Ah, career musicians, you think. Well, they aren't exactly your average musical opportunists and, even though they aren't anticipating the big payoff, they live in a mansion of music. They drive a luxurious limo of lyrics provided by up-and-comer Robin Fry and quite possibly the greatest singer-songwriter to ever come out of Canada, Mark Szabo. Their new CD, *Chocolate Covered Bad Things*, released under Mark's name, allows the listener to revel in their regal ramblings of sound. Previous projects and musical appearances for the members of Capozzi Park include *Good Horsey*, *Thee Crusaders*, *Infernal Devices*, *Superconductor*, *Hot Fire*, *Los Disastras*, *Insignificant*, *Specks*, *Gunnar*, *The Hollowheads*, *The Marylanes* (now the *Tonics*), *July Fourth Toilet*, *The Molestics*, and *Poizuli*.

Here's a peek into their musical minds ...

DISORDER: Who's Capozzi?

Max: The Spanish explorer who found Vancouver originally.

Mark: And then lost it again.

Max: He wasn't much of a braggart.

Steve: Capozzi Park is a basketball court in Stratocoma that Max plays basketball in.

Mark: There goes the mystique [laughs].

Steve: Sorry. I've also heard that the Capozzis are a wealthy, somewhat eccentric, family in Kelowna.

Max: Let's try to play up the eccentricity thing here.

Steve: Boy, they're crazy. Oh my God!

Max: I think they had a loathin' named after them.

Marcy: Capozzi Mound [laughs].

Why do you play music?

Mark: Because it's the only thing in life worth doing.

Why's that?

Mark: Um ...

Max: I do it 'cause my wrist hurts when I do it, to show that I can survive through pain. Every since watching the Bob Flannigan movie, it's the only thing that keeps me going.

Steve: Max Lee, super-moschist.

Marcy: Did we establish why we play music?

Max: Mark plays music 'cause he's so fucking sad. I think it's what we've got to far.

Steve: It's pretty much the only thing that has mattered in my life.

Mark: 'Cause you can't make money doing acid. So you're saying you've actually made money making music?

Steve: What most people call money and what Mark calls money are two totally different things. What was your motivation to record your album?

Mark: Really, 'cause this guy, Rob Carmichael, asked me to. He has a record label in New York.

Marcy: The album was supposed to be a lot of things before it became what it really is.

Mark: It's going to be a play.

Max: Well, originally it was going to be a quilt, but ...

Steve: There was the four-track album.

Mark: CIR has it.

Max: They use it to rest their drinks on so they won't mark up the table.

Marcy: No way!

So the second version of the album isn't four-track?

Mark: It's a lot of stuff from that [the first version] and some other eight-track stuff that the Vane Robot guys came down and helped us record.

Why did you choose to re-record some of the songs?

Mark: Because he asked me to again.

Max: So Mark never thought of any of these things on his own. Someone just told him to follow orders and he followed them [laughs]. [to Mark] Are there any instances of your own will coming to the plate?

Mark: No, I don't think so.

Max: You've been dressing yourself lately.

Mark: Yeah, well, we'll see how that works out. Your album is coming out and you've got to promote it. How do you feel about that?

Max: The extent of the ad campaign consists of Mark calling his mom [laughs]. 'It's out! I don't have enough money for postage, so come pick up your copy.'

Marcy: Yeah, the commercial won't happen any time soon.

Max: What about the video? Good Horsey had a real problem with making videos, 'cause we just wanted to be somebody. Now we're sophisticated, much older, mid-40's now ...

So is Capozzi Park a more sophisticated effort?

Everyone: laugh, snicker, snort.

Mark: I don't know. If you want to sell records, you have to make a video.

Do you feel pressure to sell the record now that you've pressed a bunch of them?

Mark: My mom can't afford to buy them all.

Max: That's one of your mother's few short-

comings. She's a lovely lady.

Mark: At Christmas, I'd really like to go gold.

Max: Yeah, well, we'll spray paint you.

Marcy: I noticed one of our CDs that we actually paid to get copied was for sale at one of our shows. I looked at it and was like, 'Who did that?' [to Mark] Was it you?

Mark: Yeah.

Max: It should've been in a brown paper bag and said 'mystery prize' 'cause it didn't have any labeling on it.

Mark: See, I wish I had thought of that 'cause that's the kind of promotion that appeals to me — the random prank.

Can you describe the life of a Capozzi Park song?

Mark: I say, 'This is how it goes,' and by the time I learn how to play it, everyone else is done.

Max: That's good. That's great. Just try using vowels — you're complicating it unnecessarily.

Let's direct this question more at Mark.

How do you go about writing a song?

Max: 'Because I'm so sad sometimes and I feel so much better after I write them.'

Mark: I second that.

Max: OK, there you go.

Steve: There's Robin, too, who's not here to speak for himself. Robin writes some pretty crazy stuff.

Max: His songs have a jump, Captain Beethoven to them.

Mark: He's not here ...

Steve: So let's make fun of him.

Marcy: Well, a little kid named Jordan who was playing basketball with us called him Elvis.

Max: Robin doesn't spend a lot of time grooming. His hair looks sort of like a quonset hut.

Mark: He has animal magnetism.

Max: He does, he's like a wild animal.

Do you have any pre-recording or pre-show rituals to help you prepare?

Marcy: Usually Max disappears somewhere and doesn't come back until the very last moment.

We're kind of like, 'Uh oh.' The people in the clubs are like, 'Can you go on now, maybe?'

Max: Even if I was there seven hours early, I would still have to watch you guys fumbling around. It would be frustrating, like trying to dress the elderly. I don't need to tweak my knob!

How do you approach playing live? Do you have set lists?

Marcy: Here's what has happened. Mark has decided that the set list would consist of freebie postcards you get in club washrooms. Song titles are written on the back of a card with Kate Moss naked for Calvin Klein. Mark has them in his pocket and he just pulls them out and says, 'We're playing

by Stefan Udell

this now,' which is a bit scary but is also really fun. **Max:** When we usually involve a set list, we hardly ever dump a song in desperation. We just torture it to death.

Do you feel that you have to entertain the audience?

Steve: At a show at the Anza Club, we put a bit of an effort in the intro to put on a show. That's the one where Mark dressed up as a woman.

Marcy: People said he looked like Sarah McLachlan.

Steve: It was the barrettes.

Max: We were wearing some kind of dress with a black velvet painting on the front of some woman in a waterfall.

Steve: And [wearing] one sock.

Marcy: I like the foot-stomping thing we did. [for] one of Robin's songs we just started to do this fucked up Riverdance and that was completely spontaneous.

Do you feel that spontaneous stuff catches?

Mark: It's not cathartic. The great thing about a performance is to go and see something happen that wasn't planned. To me, a really great show is something that is also really terrible in parts.

Robin: enters.

Marcy: Hey, it's Robin.

Scott: Ask all the questions again.

[to Robin] Can you describe your songwriting process?

Robin: I think it involves walking down a lot of back alleys and coming up with ideas and getting a melody and working it out in my room.

Marcy: After he takes off the bag lady costume.

Max: And a certain scratching ritual. [to Robin] Do you find that any particular odours help you think?

Do you need any specific smells around you when you make your music?

Robin: Yeah.

Max: Maybe your mother's blueberry waffles?

Robin: Yeah.

What are your inspirations? It doesn't have to be a band. It could be a tree or something.

Max: It could be a particular inert gas that you're rather fond of.

Mark: Neon.

Marcy: The relationship that we have with each other really inspires me. It's interesting, it's cool, it's almost like a family.

Max: I'm mostly inspired by Mark.

Mark: And I by Max.*



THIRTY HELENS



by Anthony Schrag
photo by Laura Jane Petelko

It's probably not the best thing to say that I left a show with a splitting headache. And it's probably not the greatest thing to say that I left with a stomachache, too. But when you're talking to the 30 Helens, apparently this sort of thing happens all the time — and their shows still sell out, over and over again.

"People keep coming up to us after the show complaining that they hurt something. I guess we should do something about that," Morgan 'Helen' Brayton confided to me a few days after their "30 Helens Greatest Hits" show [which played at the Firehall Theatre].

It's not that their show is dangerous, it's just really, really funny. And it's the laughter that has the audience hurting themselves.

During the first act of the Greatest Hits show, I was laughing so hard, it was all I could do to hold my bladder back from bursting through my stomach and hitting one of the Helens in the face. The two girls next to me told me after the show that they wanted to help me, but they were too busy laughing themselves. Anyone could have keeled over with heart problems and no one would have been able

to help them — the entire audience was in a fit of paralytic laughter.

The Helens' particular blend of irreverent sketch comedy makes them kind of like a socially conscious, all-female *Kids In The Hall* — both political and/or absurd. And it's a beautiful sight to see. You never know what's going to hit you next: an eight-year-old girl screaming "Vaginal Discharge," the ever graceful Farrell 'Helen' Spence beautifully singing her theme song, "Fuck Off And Die," Sally Struthers asking you to donate to the "Vancouver Actors Fund," or Victoria 'Helen' Deschanel claiming, "Seals would look better with arms — arms to club the hunters with." It all defies written explanation.

All of them are actors by trade and have been involved with the local acting scene — both dramatic and comedic — for many years. They have their humble beginnings in another all-women comedy group: the amazingly funny "Girl Parts," formed by current Helen member Liisa Ingimundson. In April of 1998, seven of the members decided it was time to move on and formed the 30 Helens. Along with Liisa, Farrell, Morgan and Victoria, 30 Helens consists of Brianna Mason, Madeline Kipling, and their manager, Jennifer-Lee Koble.

Since their formation, they have enjoyed amazing success, gracing covers of *Xtra West*, and have been reviewed by all of the major Vancouver rags. They've performed at the ANZA Club, the W.I.S.E. Hall, The Urban Well, Celebrities Nightclub, and loads of other places, and are planning to tour this summer as far away as San Francisco.

They're fast becoming celebrities, and my advice is to see them as soon as possible, before you have to pay through the nose.

They have a regular gig at The Jupiter every second Wednesday [beginning again June 9th], but their next big thing is a CiTR presentation — *Grrrlapaloosa* on Saturday, May 15th at The Cultch, with Tribe 8, Veda Hille, Ché: Chapter 127, Loud, and Sarah and Teegan (call 254.9578 for info).

Watch for a full-length interview with the Helens in an upcoming *Discorder* issue. But be careful not to hurt yourself. You have been warned. ♦

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Olympia, Washington's freaky electro-poppers icu dropped by the Starfish Room for an extra special engagement with Gaze and Forecast's Farewell. Mysterious forces tampered with my microphone, so their hilarious tales of fruit phones and frosty Tacoma hipsters are, unfortunately, lost forever. Pick up *Chotto Matte A Moment!* (on K Records) for the good word on experimental pop mania. As my dad would doubtless enthuse, *Klimashoo* ...

icu
f
a
q

interview by
barbara andersen
photos by
jay douillard

1

DISORDER: Who and what is icu?

Michiko: I play keyboards.

Aaron: I play upright bass.

Michiko: ... and K.O. plays 'other stuff.'

What exactly do you mean by 'other stuff'?

Michiko: I don't know if I should disclose that information. He likes to be very cryptic sometimes.

K.O.: I play everything else.

'Everything else,' that's what they said too. Can you elaborate?

K.O.: I play records, guitar, theremin, and little gizmos. Switches, knobs, and faders.

icu's Olympia friend: Is there enough room on your tape for that man's ego?

2

Why the unorthodox pronunciation?

K.O.: It was always [pronounced] ee-koo. And we picked the spelling i-cu instead of i-koo because [we thought], 'this is kind of cool, people are going to start calling us i-cu' — and it's kind of confusing. We like that.

Aaron: We didn't mind being so vague.

K.O.: And if people called us i.c.u. we said, 'Oh, that's cool too.' But, there happened to be another band, called I.C.U., in New York. Actually, they're Intensive Care Unit, and they've been giving us a hassle. So we might have to change the spelling soon.

Aaron: It might be i-qu instead of i-cu or something very similar.

3

How did icu get a hold of a theremin?

K.O.: I got one in '94, it's a little toy one they make in Japan. My friend was coming from there. The first time I saw one was in the video of the Boredoms, MTV with Boredoms. My friend was visiting me from Japan, and I had him pick it up. And then, I think it was in '96 I saw the movie *Theremin: A Sound Odyssey*, the documentary. From then I started becoming more serious about it, and last year, in a music store in Seattle, I saw this one. Bob Moog started making one.

Is the toy theremin sort of like a miniature version, or is it digital, or...

K.O.: No, it's still solid state. It's a little toy and it only has one antenna instead of two.

Is it a difficult instrument to play?

K.O.: I think so.

Aaron: No, you just move your hand around. [Imitates theremin noises]

K.O.: Well, the thing is, you program the melody you want to play AHEAD and just wave your hands and it'll play for you [laughs].

4

How did icu get started with K Records?

Aaron: We all live in Olympia.

K.O.: I used to work at their warehouse, box stuffing for K. Calvin started coming to our parties, started to check us out, and said, 'Let's record some songs.' So we went into the studio. He was thinking of an album, we were thinking of a few songs.

Aaron: We recorded that first song for a compilation [Selector Dub Narcotic]. And we recorded a few other basic tracks that were just kind of us goofing around in the studio. It came out pretty well, so after that we got invited to record some more.

5

What does icu have to do with Miranda July?

K.O.: We have a new CD coming out with Miranda July, a CDEP. We finished recording that, now we're working on remixing.

Are you going to be the background to Miranda July's spoken word, or is it a different arrangement?

Michiko: No, she didn't want it to be that way because, I guess, that's the way it usually is, things that accent her piece. We did one song where she wrote a script, and we wrote music to it, but it's a lot more present than background stuff. It's actually a song built around her script. And then we wrote one song and she wrote a script to that.

6

What's the unspeakably catchy Japanese song in the background of 'Yappara'?

K.O.: It's a secret!

Michiko: It's not a secret! It's not a secret! If people knew what it meant, it would mean so much more.

K.O.: It's an old [Japanese] folk song. A '60s folk song, kind of a funny hippie song.

Aaron: It's what the title suggests. It's about a drunkard who falls from earth and has to go back to heaven.

K.O.: A drunkard got hit by a car, goes to heaven, keeps drinking in heaven — there's beautiful women and lots of booze in heaven — and he's telling you 'heaven's a great place with beautiful women, lots of booze, and you should all come up here some time!' And then he gets kicked out by God.

7

What's the difference between a stand-up bass and a conventional bass guitar — apart from the size?

K.O.: You can make love to the stand-up bass!

Michiko: Some people make love to the electric bass. You've seen them.

Aaron: I would say that the difference would be the lack of tendons in my left arm. It's a different instrument. What one would play on the electric bass to the same, exact melody would be a completely different process, just because the sound is so different and because it's physically so different to hold. What would be a natural thing to do on an electric bass would be impossible for someone who's not a virtuoso on the upright. An octave is the entire span of my hand.

K.O.: And it's usually cooler.

Does your bass have a name?

Aaron: No.

Michiko: We have a name for our van!

K.O.: But does [the name of the bass] change depending on the person you want it to be at the time? [laughs]

Aaron: It's not a surrogate person. Very funny.

8

Does icu pay attention to pop music?

K.O.: I love Third Eye Blind. [starts to sing] 'I want something else, to get me through this ...'

Aaron: I work in a record store, so I know all the names, but it's amazing how little I really know. I know the titles of the hit songs, but I don't know what they sound like.

K.O.: We don't spend any money on it, we just listen to the radio.

Michiko: I make it a point to avoid it.

Aaron: It's remarkably easy, when you don't listen to the radio or have cable. If you're bent on being a snob about it — [to Michiko] no offense — then it's not too hard.

9

What's the name of icu's van?

Michiko: The van is 'Frosty'

How did it get that name?

Aaron: 'Cause we cool!*



ninety-nine



BY SCOT

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO WERE SAD ABOUT THE RETIREMENT OF SOME GUY CALLED WAYNE GRETZKY AND OF HIS NUMBER 99 IN HOCKEY, YOU NOW HAVE SOMETHING FUN TO TAKE HIS PLACE. MELBOURNE BAND, ENDERRING RECORDS SUPERSTARS, AND POP SENSATIONS 99 ARE COMING TO TOWN AND PLAYING A COUPLE OF SHOWS. TO CELEBRATE, I INTERVIEWED FOUNDING MEMBER LAURA MACFARLANE.

DISORDER: Would you like to tell me what the line up is that is coming to Canada?

Laura: Myself, Cameron Potts, Tim Evans and Michelle Mansford. And how about a quick history of 99?

99 was something that I did. It was a recording project which I just played myself. Then, as time went on, I started thinking maybe I should move it into a band as I decided to play live. That kind of happened about three years ago.

What changes have taken place since then, with the style of music and such? Has it evolved into more of a band rather than a solo project with other people playing on it? 99 was never really a solo project which I got other people to play on. I just recorded music and people played on it if they liked to do so. I suppose, musically, you could say that now it is less guitar-y and we are using more and more different instruments. I mean, I play vibraphone and xylophone and Michelle plays those too, so there is sort of a focus on those at the moment. It just sort of boils down to what instruments people want to play on each song, though, I suppose.

The first CD was all yourself, wasn't it?

No there were other people playing on it and whatever they did, they played — I never told anyone what to play, they are contributing whatever they contribute.

How did it come about that you ended up working with Blair and Endearing?

I sent him a tape and he thought he might like to put out a single and we decided it would be better to put out a CD rather than a single as it wasn't going to be that much more expensive to do that. He had done a lot of stuff with Australian bands previously, which is how I knew about the label.

Could you give a run-down of what's happening over here?

With dates and stuff? Well, as far as I know, we're going down the west coast and then a tour of Western Canada. We're playing down the coast with the Saltens and then Canada with the Bonaduces, then we'll do the Midwest and East coast of the States. Once we leave the US we are going to do a five-month tour in Europe.

As everyone plays in so many different bands, how much of a priority is 99 for people?

I'd say it's more of a priority for me than anyone else and if people can come along and play, then that's great. We try and accommodate everyone so they can play in all their bands and do what they want to do. I'm surprised how much effort all those people want to put in, considering they have so much other stuff on. We realize that everyone has other bands and that they have other things to do. At the moment, Cameron is on tour in the States with Sandro so we'll just meet him over there, and Tim has Sea Scouts who we will be touring Europe with when we get over there. Michelle sometimes plays in other bands but this is her main thing, too.

What happened to Rhonda?

Rhonda didn't want to tour anymore and she couldn't leave Australia, so she's been pulling back for the last year. It was sad when she wanted to leave, but we realized it had to happen and she's doing

her own thing now and that's probably better for her.

Do you really want to do a PhD. on Sonic Youth?

Um, no. Not really.

Did you play that song when you played with Sonic Youth?

No. There are always a few songs on each CD we never play live and that's one of them.

Yeah, the number of times I wanted to hear 'Popemobile' and you never did play that.

Oh we never play it. Actually, Cameron likes that song so maybe we can play it when we get over there.

You used to live in this part of the world, right?

No, I never lived there. But I toured and we were based in Olympia for about six weeks.

Do you have anything coming out for the tour?

Not particularly. Just after we start touring, a single with a local



[Vancouver] band called Ersatz [will be released]. It's on a label called Two Face. It is part of a series of about ten split 7"s from a label in Melbourne. We've also been recording for the third 99 album. **What digits will the third 99 album consist of?** Oh, it called 180°.

What's with you changing the spelling of your first name?

Well, it's spelled Laura, but my brother gave me a nickname of Lora and all his friends used to call me Lora the horror. I used it for a couple of years, but then I went back to Laura.

What's happening with Choozy [label and distributor Laura works for] at the moment?

We cut back to the core of what we were distributing as it was becoming too much work to distribute other people's stuff and it was becoming a logistical nightmare. So we cut back on everything to concentrate on the material of the people who are working for Choozy — stuff like Wooczy and Pasty. We try and keep it more workable that way and we also do the stuff that we swap from overseas, things like Slab of Concrete and Slampst stuff. There are bits

of pieces here and there from other places, too. But Chapter Music, which used to get distributed through us, now goes through Corduroy, instead of Choozy ending, we just cut back to the basics. The point of it always was to get people to do it themselves. So instead of us taking it on for them, we'll give them information and say, 'Here's what you need to know, now go out and get things done.'

What's happening with the label at the moment?

The 99 stuff, Sea Scouts albums, Fiona Beverage and a band called Boo Hoo. Generally, I just put out my friends bands because I like their music.

It was sad for me when Choozy cut back because they had always been so good at getting stuff out and they carried a lot of things you would never see in record stores in Melbourne. I never really appreciated how good it was until I came over here [to Vancouver] and realized how bad postage really is, and how totally slack some labels and distribution companies are, even some of the smaller ones.

Oh, yeah, mailing over there is bad.

The postage system sucks and things just disappear completely.

I was always impressed when we would get mail from people from around the world who would just put cash in the envelope and mail it to us. I thought if they can trust us to do that, then the least we can do is get what they want out to them as quickly as possible.

How did the name 99 come about?

I thought it would be good to have numbers in the name as they are universal. They are about the only thing that is the same all over the world.

What else do you plan on doing while you are over here? A lot of record shopping.

Good choice! The first two months I was here I just went nuts finding stuff that you wouldn't ever see in Australia and the saddest thing is that half of it was by Australian bands. I mean, finding 7"s by your favourite local bands that you won't see in the city they came from was really odd.

Yeah, in North America there are a lot of small and medium sized labels which have really good distribution deals and, in Australia, it's quite easy to make your music. But there is such a monopoly of distribution with Shock and MDS that it is quite hard to get anything carried by anyone else in stores so I guess that makes quite a big difference. Anyway, I'm looking forward to that.

Finally, if you were a pirate what would your pirate name be?

Roger the Parrot. *

Laura MacFarlane and her band 99 will be playing in Vancouver on May 7 at the Vogue [with the Watchmen, show 9pm], May 7 at the Brickyard [an Endearing Records showcase as part of New Music West, with Bossanova, Plumtree, the Saltens, Bonaduces, and Klaus Kinkis, show 9pm], and on May 8 at DVB [with Bossanova, Bonaduces, May, early show: noon-4pm].



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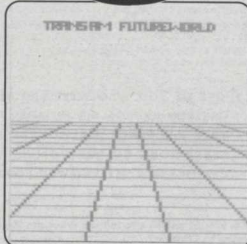
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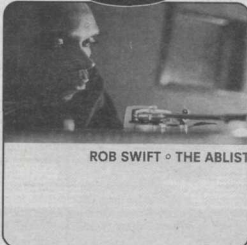
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By definition, Dutch natives Arling and Cameron could be classified as kitsch pop—much like their Emperor Norton Records labelmates, Fantastic Plastic Machine and Tokoko Minekawa—but behind the exterior of happy and whimsical music are two very serious artists. The band Arling and Cameron is Gerry Arling and Richard Cameron and if you caught their brilliant DJ show at the Sugar Refinery March 27th, you would know that Cameron has a DJ partner, Karin Rus, who also helps run their Amsterdam-based indie record label, Drivels. Arling and Cameron's latest offering, *All In*, does share a musical kinship with many current Japanese pop bands, the connection being so significant that in fact they did write a song called "Arigato We Love You" for Pizzicato Five's last album and a track called "Bachelor Pad" on Fantastic Plastic Machine's full-length debut. They also use Japanese vocals for various songs on *All In*. Despite the creative link to their Japanese friends, however, Arling and Cameron maintain a distinctive and creative sound

Arling & Cameron

← Amsterdam



Tokyo →

all on their own.

They are both musicians, particularly Gerry Arling, who is professionally trained in playing jazz on several different instruments and plays all the instruments heard on *All In*. One gets the feeling, however, that they are more of a collective because of Karin's active involvement and their approach to creating music more from a production perspective. This is not uncommon in today's music, with many DJs/producers/musicians utilizing modern technology and sampling to construct pastiche style pop music.

It all started for Arling and Cameron in their hometown of Amsterdam, Netherlands in 1993. When the two first met, Richard was very much into house and various types of dance music. He recalls, "We were involved in an art project called the Virtual Band, doing this project called *Airbag*. We had one song that we had remixed by other people 19 times over and released it as a double debut CD." Working on that record provided some good experience for them and from there it led to more projects and experimentation with other types of music.

In 1994, they originated their "Easy Tune" Diparties, principally playing lounge music which became increasingly popular. "It started out as something we did for fun," says Karin, "in the dressing room of a discotheque that could hold about 30 people. Then it gradually became bigger and bigger and eventually we DJed a party for MTV Europe for 2500 people. That was a bit too much for us..."

"That was the end for us," adds Richard. "The day after, on the front page of the national newspaper was a picture of our party and the caption read, 'After House Comes Easy Tune,' and after that we knew it was over. For a couple of months we were really hyped by the press and had several sold out parties with thousands of people and then we decided to call it a day. The MTV party was in January and we officially declared Easy Tune dead on the radio in April of '96."

In the two years in which the Easy Tune parties existed, Gerry and Richard released a series of

singles under the same project title, but using several different names for their band each time. They did this because they wanted to incorporate new music with their lounge DJ sets, but at the time there was no modern equivalent of what they were playing. They released a compilation of these singles called *The Best of Easy Tune* on their Drivels label (to be re-issued later this year on their current label Emperor Norton). One song, "Aloha," became a Top 40 hit in the Netherlands for them. It was the success of the first song and the failure of a follow up single, "Aloha Again" that perhaps aided them in the realization that it was time to move on to something new.

Gerry comments, "We made four CDs of easy type lounge music and we were kind of fed up with it so we decided to make a change."

Richard contributes to this by saying, "Almost every song that we make is a reaction to the song we made before [and] every record we make is a reaction to the record we made before. With *The Best of Easy Tune* compilation, we already made the contemporary lounge sort of statement so why bother doing it again?"

Enter the "All In" DJ parties which followed the demise of Easy Tune. With these new parties came a change of format and music. This change received an adverse reaction from the legions of fans they had cultivated with their popular lounge sound. Richard comments, "The first time we did this we lost more than half our audience. We pretty much lost most of our fans."

Karin justifies that decision: "We have to play and do what we like and not what people expect us to do."

Richard agrees and further maintains, "It's hard for us to understand why, if there's so much good music around and there's so many possibilities, someone would willingly discard whole sections of the spectrum just because it doesn't fit in with a certain style or something. As DJs, Karin and I go into record shops and listen to so much music and I can't imagine that I would see a great record and not buy it just because I can't play it in my set. It seems silly to me. That's what most of the DJs and

by Christine Gfroerer



musicians seem to do — they box themselves in."

From the "All In" parties and with their fresher perspective, the *All In* record evolves as does the use of Gerry and Richard's own surnames, Arling and Cameron. Richard claims, "In the beginning, our projects were very conceptual in a way, and didn't even regard myself as being a musician anymore. We were also doing video clips and doing these parties. At first, the CDs were more like projects rather than a band, but as Arling and Cameron, we want to establish ourselves as artists again rather than anonymous producers behind the scenes. So we are more like a band now with our new record. *All In* is a bit less conceptual in the sense that we allow some of the songs to be more serious, mood-wise. It's still made in a more free style, in that we don't think too much and just go about it very intuitively; therefore, it sounds quite fun."

All In is definitely a fun record by some interesting and hardworking individuals making sure everyone's having a good time, whether they're DJing a party, interpreting art through their music, writing soundtracks for fashion shows, or just creating excellent music for your own listening pleasure! *

photos by Quentin Wright



standard

interview and photos by
Quentin Wright

Six years ago, five young Asian men formed a band through a community music project in Farringdon, London. Naming themselves the Asian Dub Foundation, their objective was to blend every genre of funky music onto a dub framework, while continuing the educational and nurturing elements of their workshop origins. Nowadays, the band with the most self-descriptive name since the Holly Cole Trio define their music as "Asian Punk Jungle" — go fig. The NME described them as "the most important band in Britain" — a dubious accolade, considering that publication's love of hyperbole. However, their explosive sell-out show at the Starfish Room (which their press release, in a classic example of self-effacing modesty, describes as "raucous") confirmed the credibility of the tribute.

The star of the show was undoubtedly 20-year-old MC Deeder Zaman (aka Master DJ). Although he appears amazingly young, his raw and aggressive performance is also beautifully smooth and confident — hardly surprising since he has been rapping since age nine with groups such as Joi and The State of Bengal. The first thing you'll need to know about this band is their battle against racism has both defined their music and shaped their career. Deeder described how they struggled for years to get any exposure: "ADF came about when the British National Party [the extreme right wing and racist political party] won a seat in the Isle of Dogs and a young Asian kid got jumped by a gang of about 20 fascists and put in a coma. ADF had to come about because no one else was making a stand. We were just fed up and not scared to speak up. We met in a workshop which was filmed for a television documentary — the organization was about getting young Asian people into higher education in music. We had all these major record companies coming to our shows sniffing around, but no action. The fact that we are five Asian people in England saying what we are saying... of course everyone's going to shut the door in our face. There [are] a lot of scared A&R men. We were censored because of our race, the kind of music we were playing, and because we were documenting secret histories that have never been told and things you won't find in your history books — like when the British army went to India in 1990 and shot down 300 women and children. You're not going to hear anything about that."

After a couple of years during which ADF evolved from a dub sound system to a fully fledged band, they still failed to excite any interest in the UK music scene. A break came after finding an audience in France, followed by a very public

campaign by Primal Scream's Bobby Gillespie (who Deeder describes as a "scholar of music") to get them noticed. "Bobby said that if we were five white guys with guitars, we would have been signed. Instead we had to go to France to make money to put food on the plate because it was all going downhill. It was only when Bobby started pointing at us that we got any attention. The first time we played out of London was to 9,000 people at Glasgow Green with Primal Scream. That was really good — we were blown away. You have to have someone in the music industry to point down at you and tell the media what direction to take next

"The Asian scene is just a media hype, but we can't get away from that because that's the mentality of the place [England]. Racism exists in all forms in all different degrees. You don't have to call someone a Paki to be racist — you can do it by grouping all the Asian bands on one page."

— that's the sad thing about England."

Of course, claiming that the British music industry is politically conservative and racist is not really much of a platform. Only the most right wing reactionary would attempt to deny it. The situation is aggravated by the constant need for the British press to be promoting new "scenes." Unfortunately, if you don't resemble the current crop of high profile bands, you can wave bye-bye to any kind of press coverage or record company interest. While ADF and the Britpop scene are not exactly as different

as the Beatles. We try to hear some future, forward music — let's look forward for a change."

Guitarist Chandasonic (also known as Steve) agrees, while echoing the feelings of frustrated music fans all over the world. "We weren't getting the coverage in Britain because it was the height of Britpop. The music industry and press is so tightly controlled that rather than encourage the unexpected and the unpredictable, it can only deal with what it knows — white boys with guitars. I think people should get their priorities right about music — people look for the references, for something that's gone before that they can hang onto. I wish some people

would believe in music, in innovation, in new hybrids, new approaches and encourage participation. Get rid of the superstar system and the ego shit. Forget talking about drugs and smashing up hotel rooms. It's just so boring. We don't get any of that shit and we don't attract that shit."

Amen, Brother! Would someone please get the above statement printed on a couple of thousand postcards and delivered to the offices of every major record label in the world? The irony is that the

"For photographs we are usually asked to stand against brick walls with graffiti on it, looking hard. They put us in really horrible, industrial settings. One time they put us all in a [garbage] bin. We're thinking, 'Why don't you just put us in shit or something?' But we took the piss."

as chalk and cheese (hey, it's all pop music, right?), our lads' cheddar was definitely of a stronger vintage. The result was that nobody wanted to know: "We came about when all the Britpop came about and we got kicked over to one side. Now we just kicked all that aside ourselves. Britpop was just nostalgic — looking backwards and looking at the past. We have a new track called 'Real Great Britain', which says it's time to reject the '60s chorade and get rid of Oasis, Pulp and remakes of

pendulum swings both ways. While the press had no interest in dub bass, jungle rhythms, ragga rapping and race politics in 1995, by 1998 these elements were jumped on as it became clear that Britpop had turned to shit and techno was marketing itself into mainstream blandness.

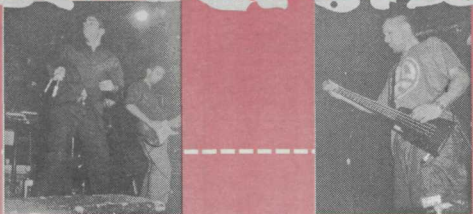
With Roni Size's *New Forms* winning the Mercury prize for the best album of 1997, Cornershop selling truckloads of albums around the globe, and Goldie becoming a genuine showbiz

celebrity, it was obvious that the mood had changed. True to form, a new term was coined which combined the new drum'n'bass friendly Zeitgeist with the Asia-centric nature of a handful of bands: "The Asian Underground."

"It is insulting," says Deeder. "The Asian scene is just a media hype, but we can't get away from that because that's the mentality of the place [England]. Racism exists in all forms in all different degrees. You don't have to call someone a Paki to be racist — you can do it by grouping all the Asian bands on one page."

Nevertheless, the prejudiced nature of the music business which hindered their progress was now helping to hype them into the charts. Bands like Fundamental, Cornershop, and the State of Bengal — who had been putting out music for years with minimal support — were suddenly finding themselves name-checked by music mags, journalists and DJs as being the latest incarnation of the bees knees. Despite the praise, Chandasonic laughs about the way they have been presented by the press: "For photographs we are usually asked to stand against brick walls with graffiti on it, looking hard. They put us in really horrible, industrial settings. One time they put us all in a [garbage] bin. We're thinking, 'Why don't you just put us in shit or something?' But we took the piss. You see it's not about doing the depression, it's just about desecration, and it's not about no hope." He also dismisses the whole Asian scene thing as a media creation. "We're not part of a scene — maybe with Cornershop, but there are not really any similar bands in Britain and few elsewhere. Maybe just Audioactive from Tokyo [currently touring with ADF in North America] and Zebda from France. We're not competing with anybody, we're just trying to inspire people to get involved — to make good positive music and say something that's going to change something — and to not just reproduce but to come up with something original."

That word: "original." Anyone talking to a member of ADF may notice how frequently it occurs in their conversation. It is clear that the quest for originality is what has brought the Asian Dub Foundation to their unique musical formula. These guys want to hear something they have never heard before and they want you to hear it too. Their desire to embrace every musical genre from bhangra to thrash metal and play it over a punishing jungle beat is what makes this band so special. Perhaps the strongest element to the music is Chandasonic's guitar work. Combining ragga rhythms, power chords, weird melodies, and occasional flashes of surf and country picking he is in a field of his own.



THE SATAPAL



After all, jungle, techno, hip hop and dub are not known for their exo heroes. Where did he develop his style?

"I have always been really interested in electronic music. I used to be an ambient dj [as a member of ambient techno act Higher Intelligence Agency], but guitars are still good things to play on stage and to watch as a performance thing. I just that most of the time they are used to play such shit music. The reason why the guitar is peripheral all the time is that people ain't got a clue how to make it work. I like the sound of bass and drums and I like to keep it rolling with the guitar, but I think that you have to throw away everything to do with pre-electronic music, nice melodies and chords. I play what works. Sometimes I don't play at all or I just play sounds. There are certain things I do which are not very guitar. Bo Diddley was interesting. He said, 'I don't play the guitar like a guitar, I play it like a drum,' and I'm kind of that way. I'm more of a programmer and a sampler and I play the guitar like that. We all program, all five of us — it's very important."

Their live set featured most of the songs from their new release *Rafi's Revenge*. Lyrically, ADF have dispensed with adolescent alienation, the protocol of modern relationships and metaphors about the environment. "Our song 'Buzzin' is our anti-locker anthem," says Chandrasekhar. "It's all this stuff like, you're in a band so you don't have to get up in the mornings and you don't have to think about anything. That was done in the '60s and '70s — people chill out too fucking much, you know. No one wants to hear them bands — they think they're big and when they get to France they have to open for us. 'Buzzin' has a bit too radical a sound [to be a worldwide hit]. Although 'Free Satpal Ram' is the one that got us a lot of attention and it is heavy."

Their track "Free Satpal Ram" deals with the controversial imprisonment of an Asian man, convicted of murder in 1986 after defending himself against a violent racist attack. The single is part of a major campaign instigated by the ADF to bring public attention to his plight. They have recently visited him in prison. "The campaign is still going on," Deeder says. "We handed a letter to [British Home Secretary] Jack Straw through [creation label boss] Alan McGee [and] things are moving." The UK has always had its fair share of musicians with a mission, but such overt activism makes the pretensions of many of those high profile bands seem laughably low-key and self-serving. Chandrasekhar: "The Music Street Preachers are not at all political and I hate that guy's voice. In Britain they are overstated and overrated. When they get abroad

no one wants to know."

The album showcases a comprehensive spectrum of beats, from the softest ping-pong ball bounce to the CN Tower landing on BC Place during a Promise Keepers meeting. A hip selection of collaborators have helped keep their ideas new and diverse. "We've worked with loads of people," says Deeder. "Audioactive, Adrian Sherwood, Les Fabulous, Troubadors, Primal Scream [their next single, 'Unchained Frequency' / 'No Civil Disobedience'] and we did a few remixes with Junior Delgado [on his latest album *Fearless*]. [Also,] The Sugarhill Gang came to our rehearsal space when they were doing a show in London and they might be using one of our tracks on their new album."

Talking about other people's music, Deeder praises dub/ragga merchants Sizzla, Linton Kwesi Johnson and Zebda. However, Chandrasekhar throws out a few surprising recommendations: "Lauren Hill is good and I love the new TLC. You see, the production on all these new R'n'B tracks is getting really junglist, especially the vocals. There's a lot of looseness

and experimentation with the programming that was not there before and I think that jungle has had that influence. T.I.M.B.A.L.A.N. [producer of SWV, Jay-Z, and Missy Elliott] is taking all the credit, though. But he has cut some brilliant beats. He's never ever mentioned any junglists or jungle but he has been influenced."

True to their beginnings, the members of Asian Dub Foundation have continued to be active in encouraging music projects, workshops and education programmes. Deeder explains their operations: "We have two workshops in London. We employ our own tutors who mainly do outreach work and we have our own equipment. We are really dedicated towards music technology. We'll get five kids and do a 10 week block with them, working on music, depending on how much they know. Hopefully, at the end of it

they have a product they can put out. We're thinking of putting out a compilation CD. We have brought stuff out already, but it's mainly being used as a piece of our portfolio to get funding."

As an example of the empowering nature of musical education and encouragement, Deeder is a shining example. "I went straight out of college into an environment where people are much older than me. People don't believe I'm only 20. I'm not a supernatural person or anything — if any kid was put in that environment they would end up thinking differently. I'd rather be where I am than at college in England where they're not going to teach me much and not going to give me any confidence. It's scary going to school in England. When I see my friends in my home town now, they've got nothing to talk about, nothing to say, and nothing that will inspire them. It's all about being cocooned and locking yourself away from everybody, of being in your own car, not traveling on public transport. I'm here to fuck you over or you're here to fuck me over. A lot of kids out there might switch on the telly

and see some boring old guy in a suit going on and on about politics and they just want to switch off. It's boring and they don't want to hear it. As soon as the word politics is mentioned, they don't want to know what the hell you're talking about. If you can make them understand LIFE they might see that it affects them in some way and they beginnings, the members of Asian Dub Foundation have continued to be active in encouraging music projects, workshops and education programmes. Deeder explains their operations: "We have two workshops in London. We employ our own tutors who mainly do outreach work and we have our own equipment. We are really dedicated towards music technology. We'll get five kids and do a 10 week block with them, working on music, depending on how much they know. Hopefully, at the end of it

will really want to get into it. In our song 'Dub Mentality,' we say that Dub is a place we come together to argue and debate. Politics affects everybody."

Sound familiar? Most musicians with any pretensions of cred. have tried to make their point by personalizing political issues. Of course, it helps if it has a good tune and you can dance to it. Thousands have tried, including Sly Stone, Jone Strummer, Chuck D, James Brown, Ani DiFranco,

Bob Marley, Ian Mackaye, John Lennon and hell, even Alanis. Still, the music business remains as conservative, segregated, and trivial as ever. Deeder thinks things are changing and cites his old pals Primal Scream as an example. Having spent about 10 years working with such dub and funk luminaries as Adrian Sherwood and George Clinton [as well as the ADF], the Scream still play to a white, male indie crowd: "They will start to reach a black audience," he says. "They are on a journey and they've gone all the way from rock and heavy metal to playing dub to a mainly white audience, but they are educating their crowd. It's going to take time for them to bring all the communities together, but it's happening slowly."

Similarly, Deeder explains that the music of ADF is also evolving: "We are junglists but the new stuff is like futuristic ragga. That's what direction we're going in. We're not getting away from the jungle sound but we're moving on. We want to try different things. It might be a lot more beautiful this time around because we want to give the louder side a break — although it might be a bit more aggressive [the] next time." He denies, however, that this new direction is a reaction to the continuing reports of the demise of jungle and it's mellow little brother, drum'n'bass. In fact, ADF have been one of the loudest voices calling for the humane destruction of d'n'b. Chandrasekhar says that "a lot of drum'n'bass is just prog rock" while their bass player Dr Das called it [in the NME] "intropective, indulgent psychobabbles." Deeder: "Where did jungle come from? It came from putting heavy basslines under ragga. You can hear tracks by Nina Simone which have a heavy, groovy, swinging breakbeat — it's the dub of the '90s. Like everything else, when they technise it, it sounds horrible, like someone puking up in a washing machine. You have to check the whole history of the music and see what was original and what was horrible. Jungle was a racist term and when people started using the word jungle it was an attempt to turn that around. Jungle becoming drum'n'bass was like rhythm and blues becoming heavy metal. But I don't feel bad about Roni Size winning the Mercury. That was a turning point — it put jungle up there and put it into people's minds at last. You can always tell which music has had all the originality stolen. It's always been the case and the worst thing is that because the United States is quite behind, it always gets the sieved out crap."

If you want to hear something that doesn't sound like puking up in a washing machine, Rafi's Revenge is out on the telly. For more information about the Satpal Ram campaign, check out <http://www.asiandubfoundation.com/satpal/>

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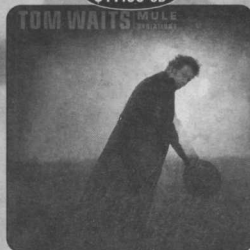
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Video Philter

BY TANIA BOLSKAYA



It's 1977. My little eight-year-old heart can barely stand the excitement. After a Saturday morning at the roller rink knowing my shoot-the-duck and avoiding being kissed on the hand during the "couples' skate," I was being escorted by the big kids (my 12-year-old babysitter and her friends) to the biggest movie to hit town in ages. No one around me could stop talking about how great it was going to be. When we got to the theatre, the line-up was around the block. An hour later, popcorn in hand, we settled down into our seats for the cinematic joyride of a lifetime. My life has never been the same since I saw *The Shoggy DA*.

Yes, it's blockbuster season again. Thank *The Godfather*, *Francis Ford Coppola* and the wizards at Paramount for initiating this innovative/bankrupting marketing play wherein one movie is advertised in every possible way — it's only a matter of time before you can pick up your free roll of Jedi Toilet Paper at McDonald's or your \$9.99 pre-lubed light saber at

the Lovesoph — before the film opens simultaneously on three to four thousand screens across America. Memorial Day (known in Canada as the last weekend in May) is the official Go date for the season and this year there are already three contenders for the Hollywood Queen of Summer title. By popular estimation, *Star Wars II: The Phantom Menace* is going to be seen by every pair of working eyes in the world. *Mike Myers'* spy spoof sequel *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me* and *Will Smith's* third foray into the summertime green, *Wild Wild West*, are looking to mop up *Star Wars'* rear. There are three kinds of people in this world: those who LOVE blockbusters and live for the cinematic summer; those who abhor them and wait out the sunnier climes in the air-conditioned confines of the Fifth Avenue Cinemas; and those who talk a lot about hating the crack Hollywood marketing machine, then rush out to catch each of its offerings as soon as it hits the theatres. For all of these

cinephiles, I have rental advice for the upcoming season: a post-coital dose of more and/or a video antidote. Though all my suggestions this month are blatant Hollywood product, each undercuts the Tinsel Town monolith with hilarity, though not always wittily.

George Lucas is eagerly awaiting his move up the chain from milli- to billionaire and he needs your help. After adding your bucks to his big bag of green, if you're still not so-tilt-satisfied and need a little more of that space teamwork thing, *Paul Verhoeven's STARSHIP TROOPERS* is just the rental. Beyond the gratuitous violence you'll be craving after the computer-generated family muppetry of *Star Wars I*, *Troopers* provides a whopping helping of the irony so lacking in the myth-making Lucas series. The hilariously lascivious Michael Insardes, the gulfaw-inducing hyper-seriousness of Michael Tinsler, and the blatant silliness of the whole enterprise cannot be mistaken, as similar

elements were in Verhoeven's *Showgirls*, for anything but the director stabbing at the heart of the Hollywood blockbuster and bleeding all the pretension out of it. To take *Starship Troopers* seriously is to miss a really great comedy.

Up front, I thought *AUSTIN POWERS: INTERNATIONAL MAN OF MYSTERY* was... a really great comedy. Proving once again that weird is funny and Canadians have the most hilariously fucked up minds, Mike Myers wrote and starred in a film that thankfully NO ONE could ever take seriously. The bad one-liners, reminiscent of the best of Mel Brooks and the swingin' '60s fashions and music providing a joyous pulse, *Austin Powers'* only fault in my mind was its modern setting. The opening sequence had more energy and fun than any other film beginning that I can think of. My personal anticipation is huge for the not-quite-prequel-but-set-in-the-past-so-I-can't-wait *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me*. If, like me, you can't wait for summer for your spy spoof fix, and James Bond isn't doing it for you anymore, get to your nearest quality video store and rent *OUR MAN FLYNT*. Created in 1966 to try to cash in on, and send up, the genre of the newly profitable Mr. Bond, Derek Flynt (played by Oscar winner and slot machine shill James Coburn) is not just a super spy who

picks up babes while solving international mysteries and stopping international syndicates. He's an extra-spy-hyper spy who speaks a gazillion languages (including dolphin) and keeps a bevy of babes (one in every colour) at his house. Watching the ultra-'60s look and deadpan antics of *Our Man Flynt*, and it's slightly inferior sequel, *In Like Flynn*, you can clearly see where Mike Meyers got much of his Powers inspiration.

WILD WILD WEST is the somewhat dark horse of the summer dash to the box office finish; so far it hasn't generated the intense buzz of even the *Austin Powers* sequel. With the multi-talented charm of Will Smith in the lead, however, its moneybags can be assured that it will at least show. A remake of a 1960's Robert Conrad TV show that I'd never heard of until I caught it in Asia on Rupert Murdoch's StarTV, the film version will hopefully retain the sci-fi meets western lunacy and character charm of the original. A rental just as loony and charmingly so, is *TOMBSTONE*. One of two duelling Wyatt Earp stories to be released in 1993 (the other being the absolutely no fun Kevin Costner opus, *Wyatt Earp*), *Tombstone* is a spoof masquerading as a western, and the only one who seems in on the joke is Val Kilmer's Doc Holiday. The B-tier

actors assembled for this touching story of a frontier marshal, his brood of over-mustachioed brothers, his hop-head wife, and the actress who loves him, including Kurt Russell, Bill Paxton, Michael Biehn, Jason Priestley (I), Billy Zane, Sam Elliott, Dana Delany, Charlton Heston and Frank Stallone (II), read like a who's who of actors not to hire when you're making a serious movie. And, thus, this is not a serious movie. It's a movie full of unintentional double entendres and ecstatically bad acting — in other words, a Hollywood classic that can't be missed.

Whether any of the summer of 1999's blockbusters will, like *Tombstone*, earn the title of "Hollywood Classic" will be discovered in a few months' time. Meanwhile, for those of you who would like to put your talents at separating the cinematic winners from the bargain basement losers, get right on over to the Mr. Showbiz website (www.mrshowbiz.com) and sign up to play their annual Summer Blockbuster Challenge. An addictive way to forget it's sunny outside, the game gives you a chunk of play money with which to buy and sell movies. Based on the first two opening weekends box office receipts, your "studio" makes a profit or sinks a wad. Fabulous prizes are proffered to the winner. Artistic merit has no value. We are, after all, talking about Hollywood. *

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BY THE INVISIBLE CLAIRE

Warning: over-the-counter flu medication, haunted speed-shifting turntables, and obscure 1980s-vintage experimental records do not mix! Those decelerating 303s can do some serious damage to vulnerable nervous systems. Herr Schrapnel was right.

The Sonorous Envelope, by surround-sound guitar pop masters **MERIDIAN**

1520, tells of the return to the womb. Tucked into a medicinal slumber by Neo Citron vapours and flubgottien stupor, I can relate. Meridian 1520's single is gorgeous and glimmery, with a bit of a 4AD sound to it. The B-side, "Hypercube," features a vast wall of guitar and psych-edelic bleeps. Here is happy sparkling pop that is nostalgic for all the right reasons. (Brentwood, PO Box 2062, Providence, RI, 02905)

THE GOLDING INSTITUTE is back on the ethnographic death march, bent on revealing the social history of global room facilities in an era of womb-political economy. *Sounds of the*

International Airport Restrooms is about as funny as pseudo-academic documentation can get:



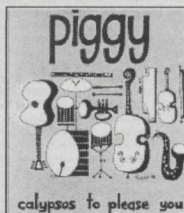
secretively recorded snippets of life in airport bathrooms in Hawaii, Seoul, Bali, Singapore, L.A., Auckland and Brisbane; a little socially/historically conscious narration; Esperanto trans-

lation insert; complimentary paper toilet seat cover. As a student of anthropology, I find this 7" — which is knees and shoulders above the Institute's last effort, *Sounds of the San Francisco Adult Book Stores* — particularly amusing, but the real joke is neither cryptic nor academic. (Planet Pimp, PO Box 41193, San Francisco, CA, 94141-1193)

If you've ever felt the twin emotions of guy love and heartache, then **CECIL SEASKULL** got your number. East Coast expatriate and former **Nerdy Girl** frontwoman Cecil sings the lovely and touching "Friends Again" in her trademark high-pitched, na-

sal voice, reminding us all just how painful lost (and reclaimed) friendship can be. The feedback which underlies Cecil's simple guitar playing is an excellent touch. Ms. Seaskull also covers a **Sloan** tune, "Bells On," turning it into a romantic duet that could beat any hackneyed AM radio love dyad hands down. This 7" is far too short. (Daydream, PO Box 34082, Scotts Square Road, Halifax, NS, B3J 3S1)

Our Maritime provinces are truly blessed with **PIGGY**. Those cold and rocky shores could do with a little brightening up and Piggy is a band uniquely suited to the task. Describing themselves as "the Calypso Orchestra of the



Maritimes," the ten people who comprise Piggy's regular line-up

make glorious, catchy calypso that is as sunny as a Caribbean afternoon. Just listen: *Rute*, Hawaiian guitar, drums, boss, violin, guiro, trumpet, tenor sax, alto sax, and an astonishing sense of fun. *Calypso to Please You* — following up previous Piggy releases with titles such as *Calypso Avalanche*, *Apocalypse*, and *Crazy for Calypso* — features four smashing songs on cheery pink vinyl. Will this be the new dumb record industry trend?

Let us all earnestly, sincerely, fervently hope not. (Cinnamon Toast, PO Box 2645, Halifax Central, Halifax, NS, B3J 3P7) I made a few jaws drop in horror when I revealed to some CTR lounge-surfers that I had heard "By the Way," **BUILT TO SPILL**'s cover of an older **Heavenly** tune, playing on CFCB, not too long ago. The dismay and disbelief which greeted my announcement was positively tangible. But dude, there's no doubt about it: It's a nice tune, too. **MARINE RESEARCH**, the band formerly known as **Heavenly**, cover a **Built To Spill** track, "Sick & Wrong," on the other side of this intercontinental split. Great bouncing bass, great keyboard lines, great silky-smooth vocals from Amelia. The only faux pas,

in my mind, is the (thankfully brief) foray into near-pop towards the end of this otherwise seamless song. (K, PO Box 7154, Olympia, WA, 98507)

THE FATAL FLYIN' GUILLOTINES make fast, furious, insane rockabilly punk dressed up in thick Texan accents and very smart outfits. The live songs on *Danger West* are not necessarily as well, but it works. (Peak-A-Boc, PO Box 49542, Austin, TX, 78765)

Another hard and stoticky rock band is the **RC'S** from Seattle. In *The Bottle* features four high-octane songs of varying levels of distinctiveness. My pick is "American Ruse," which has excellent heavy basslines and some strong singing. (My Fat Ass, PO Box 45133, Seattle, WA, 98145-0133)

Gone Away?, by **TREN BROTHERS** Mick Turner and Jim White, is a slowly meandering soundscape built from an expert combination of traditional rock/country instrumentation with melodic and tape loops. This song is superbly produced, full-sounding and rich. The only break in an otherwise mellow experience comes towards the end of this long song, where the Brothers take a few seconds out to kickstart the pace. "Kit's Choice" is essentially the same: instrumental, leisurely, exquisite. (Secretly Canadian, 1703 N. Maple, Bloomington, IN, 47404)

Printed Matters



BY GREG ELLIOTT

FRED CHARLEUX *Costaz perd le mort* (Vent d'Ouest)

DANIEL PENNAC *La Fée carabine* (Gallimard)

IAN RANKIN

Knots & Crosses, Hide & Seek, Tooth & Nail, A Good Hanging and Other Stories, Strip Jack, Mortal Causes, Black & Blue, and The Hanging Garden (Orion)

This is probably the last of these mindless treatises, as pressures in my life — chiefly, TV school, and TV — have become too much. So I'll try to get blunty to the point rather than hold up any potential successor any longer. This month: murder and mayhem.

It has been years since I have written, read, or conversed in French with any degree of frequency. Though *résumés* present me as somewhat bilingual and despite having knowledge of finding accented characters without using "Insert Symbol," nineteenth of the language are now a mys-

tery to me: hence an effort to read two books in French by French authors. Both follow a similar genre, the comedic detective story. Equipping myself with two dictionaries, the challenge was taken.

Pennac's *La Fée carabine* [The Fairy Godmother, available in English through Harvill] was — at least his English publisher notes — a bestseller in France. As the French purportedly find Jerry Lewis sons Dean Martin funny, as did the Americans; and as "bestseller" could equally be applied to the latest **John Grisham** book as it could to the latest by **Umberto Eco**, such a statement needs to be viewed under an electron microscope. With this consideration quashed, we enter Pennac's scenario. The Parisian suburb of Belleville, rapidly becoming an immigrant's quarter through President Pompidou's gentrification of the city centre and typical human xenophobia, has of late been the venue of a throat-slashing madman daring to rival Robespierre's

guillotines. Our murderer's victims are old ladies; his weapon, a straight razor. This atmosphere of terrorized seniors serves as a backdrop to the first murder of the book. Noticing an old woman about to cross the street as well as the presence of two large "Arab" men coming down the street, Inspector Vanini, supporter of the Front National, rushes to her aid. Instead, the old lady pivots and puts a bullet through his skull before resuming her progress through the shocked onlookers. Racist Vanini, however, was the prize pupil of Chief Superintendent Cercize — creature being a bug of some type — who hastily proceeds to the scene determined that an immigrant, preferably an Arab, murdered the young inspector. However, as this is a review and not a book report, there is nothing else to say.

On the whole, the language is fairly simple with some slang and words I could not find in either my French-English or French dictionaries (small as they are). Pennac's prose is fast paced, his

descriptions generally providing ample conception of his characters' environments. Still, this is a rather small work, causing some characters to be somewhat ill-developed. It is, however, enticing with a few interesting plot twists.



Charleux's *Costaz perd le mort* [loosely translated: "Costaz Loses the Body"] is his first novel. His protagonist, Roger Costaz, the Police Superintendent of Anney, resembles an aging student protester from 1968. His compatriots, Inspector Lorenzo Viale and Chief Inspector Juillard, have their own failings. Viale continually makes obscenely poor puns and pulls puns. His immediate superior, Juillard, presses for the use of proper French, acting as the voice of culture and reason, while spouting peculiar comments. Between these two exasperating fellows and Costaz's own oddities, it is surprising the three rise to their current rank. Yet their interrelations become more strained in their latest case.

A body is found in a hotel room, purportedly having been drowned. Unfortunately, the victim was almost completely dead. However, once the corpse is placed in the morgue, it goes walkabout, eventually to be rediscovered on a ski hill in full regalia, its face damaged by an encounter with a rock. That a body should so easily escape from a heavily guarded facility is worrisome enough, but suddenly bodies begin appearing in other cities under similarly bizarre circumstances. Adding to the mystery of the case, the murders are alphabetical according to victims' family names and towns; for instance, Jacques Asselin in Anney. Puzzled by this twisted congruency, Costaz seeks the assistance of an ex-con, Julien, and a violent prisoner, Pierre Mercadieu. What follows are gun fights, punch-ups, conspiracies, car chases, and anything else that would do well on television. Even so, or likely because of it, this book is enjoyable.

The language is full of slang, conveniently footnoted for the ignorant (like myself), and the pace is fairly rapid. For a light comedy, the characters are well-developed and frequently amusing, and, as a first novel, it is fairly well-written. It might be a little more violent than required, but there are occasional good laughs.

Back to the English language

and north to Scotland [except for *Tooth & Nail*, previously released as *Wolfman*] we have **Ian Rankin's** Inspector John Rebus (Detective Sergeant in *Knots & Crosses*) is an alcoholic, chain-smoking ex-Para divorcee with a daughter he scarcely understands and a strange charm to women. Like the detectives of old, Rebus works as a loner, almost purely on instinct, which inevitably leads to him receiving a damn good pounding in each novel. Like *Columbo*, the novels often begin with the crime in the process of being committed through the eyes of the murderer; Rebus' car is similarly dilapidated to further the comparison. Even so, the series is surprisingly not formulaic. Though one knows that Rebus will solve the case in the end — these are detective series, after all — one does not know what is next in store for Rebus, save that it will inevitably lead to his self-annihilation. Rankin's pace has slowed over time, permitting the greater expansion of Rebus and subordinate characters. The novels are well-written, believable, and have improved as the series progresses. He even won an award for *Black & Blue*, certainly one of the best of the series so far.

Well, wading through the bodies of this month's nonsense, I am reminded of a *Simpsons* episode: "Mrs. Pumpherson! I'd like to get down now..."

H A P P I N E S S

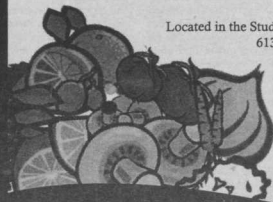
by Miyu

I think you know me. Maybe you are me. I am normal. So normal that I can't describe myself. I'm not fat or blonde or ugly. I have one earring in each ear. You've met me before. We've been introduced four times, but you can't remember my name. Or else I look exactly like Trisha or Chrissy or your mother's accountant. On the bus, you don't look at me, you watch the cross-eyed guy floss his teeth with the corner of a business card and spit carrot bits onto my leg. You listen to the crazy guy sing, "All you need is God, he'll listen to you ... Why don't you kill me ..." But you don't say Bless You when I sneeze because you never hear it.

So this is my revenge. I will write this phrase on your desk, your bathroom wall, your steering wheel, and it will scare you because it might be true. You Are All Alone. If that made you laugh, keep reading this and I'll make you feel good about yourself because you are so much better than me. If that made you cry, keep reading this because I will show you what happiness is. •

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sunshine, it's patio time...



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SATURDAY, MAY 1

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MOJAVE 3
SUNDAY, MAY 2
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DOGON
SPOOL
DJ JHUNO

WEDNESDAY, MAY 3

INCANTATION
SOLUS
ZUCKLESS
THURSDAY, MAY 4
NICKELBACK
JAR

SPECIAL GUESTS
NEW BIG SHOES

FRIDAY, MAY 7

JUNGLE
JACK TRIPPER
VEAL

BRUNDE FLY

SATURDAY, MAY 8
CADILLAC TRAMPS

ALLEY BOYS
MIDGE
1-9000

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12

SFU FILM PARTY
THURSDAY, MAY 13
HELL CAMINOS
440 SIX-PACK
TEN DAYS LATE
CATHETERS

FRIDAY, MAY 14

STAR WARS PRE-
PREQUEL PARTY

SATURDAY, MAY 15

LIK THE POLE
FLASH BASTARD

MANEATERS

TUESDAY, MAY 18

BUCKCHERRY
BLACK HALOS

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19

I.S.O.
PAUL PLIMLEY TRIO

THURSDAY, MAY 20

LOCAL RABBITS
STAR COLLECTOR

MT. PLEASANT

FRIDAY, MAY 21

KINNIE STARR
SATURDAY, MAY 22

NOMEANSNO
THURSDAY, MAY 27

WEAKERTHANS
GREATER THAN-

LESS THAN

FRIDAY, MAY 28
HELLACOPIERS
QUADRAJETS

SATURDAY, MAY 29
ALLEY CAT SCRAMBLE

Under Review

ALBUMS • ZINES • RECORDED MEDIA



APHEX TWIN *Windowslicker EP* (Warp)

New! Impaired! What you've all been waiting for!

It slices! It dices! It's easy to clean and it comes with a detachable model.

Can be used on any surface, without staining! It's **Aphex Twin** — UTE.

Same Yummy Aphex Twin Goodness.

Some Great Flavour.
Some Fucked-up Sounds and Noise.

Now with only HALF THE USTENING TIME.

All new. Be the first on your block to own this great new product.

[Some exceptions apply. Null and void in Quebec. See your local record store for details].

Anthony Schrag

CRIGA ARMSTRONG *The Space Between Us* (Melanolic/Virgin)

While Craig Armstrong's name may not be familiar to you, undoubtedly his music has entered your ears at some point without you knowing it. Having worked with Madonna, U2, and Massive Attack, Craig Armstrong's achievements are impressive. However, the relative obscurity of his own music has been a result of it, some point without you knowing it. Having worked with Madonna, U2, and Massive Attack, Craig Armstrong's achievements are impressive. However, the relative obscurity of his own music has been a result of it, some point without you knowing it.

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Patrick Gross

BETA BAND *The Three EPs* (Astralwerks)

The comparison is made every time this band is mentioned, but on first listening to **The Beta**

Band it is hard to not think of **Back** in one of his country/slate moods. Most of the elements are present: a loosely programmed drum machine and a casually strummed acoustic guitar. A sprinkling of antique instruments wheeze through their last number before being joined forever with a gravelly voice drones on about junkyard dogs and hubcaps. However, **The Beta Band** have taken Mr. Hanson's formula and added a degree of experimentation and spacey technical effects with variable results. On tracks like "B-A," when it all comes together in a crazy mess of laid-back funk-pop, you could (almost) believe that you are listening to the album of the year. "Masturbate," on the other hand, is one of many tune-free snazzy-fests which suggests that this proudly self-indulgent would benefit from a humor transplant. Any collection of singles and B-sides is bound to suffer from patchy quality, and in this case the good songs are slung together by several pointlessly long dumb workouts, ultimately making for a disappointing and unsatisfying album.

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ing a huge motherfucker of an album. We might have to wait for another year, though, because this definitely isn't it.

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Not that they don't resort to clichés, they're just well placed. They clearly have skills and 1999 is quite good. But I'm a picky listener when it comes to dance music. For my taste, most house is often too obvious and corny. Definitely part of what makes me enjoy this album is its lack of "disco diva" vocals.

All that said, while I expect that this record is not destined to become a long term resident in anybody's collection, I don't quite understand Virgin records' aggressive advertising campaign. Such overdone effort seems wasted on an album that can easily get by on its own merits.

What's more, I think that such gratuitousness might make even the typically overactive and easy "dance market" consumers pale and shy away. Give it a rest. But I guess the geniuses at Virgin are after a bigger prize: usurping **Boy Slim**'s lucrative mainstream popularity, particularly here and in the U.S. Good luck, but here's some advice for you chumps anyway: get a good video. Don't believe the hype. 1999 is worth it besides.

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from the car speakers and angrily switched the band channel to GTR. This happened during song #3 of Eminem's album, "Gully Gully," where Eminem and his producer Dr. Dre rap back and forth, with the latter playing the former's conscience. Any situation wherein Dr. Dre (infamous for beating up female rapper and MTV **Pimp U Like a Hot**) **Dre Barnes** while his bodyguards kept the crowd at bay — in the two make light of it in the song) portrays somebody's conscience has got to be pretty fucking scary.

And it is. Millions of hormone-charged, white suburban boys are going to buy this album, and at age 12, they can hear Eminem rap about how cool it is to drop teenage girls and rap them. Wicked. "Gully Gully" makes me yearn for the chivalry of "Girls" by the **Beasties**. Eminem: "Now listen to me, while you're kissing her cheek, smearing her lipstick, slip this in her cunt, now all you've got to do is nibble on this little bitch's earlobe." Dre: "Yo, this girl's only 15 years old. You shouldn't take advantage of her, it's not fair!" Eminem: "Yo, look at her bush, does it go hair?" Dre: "Uh-huh..." Eminem: "Fuck this bitch right here in the spot there, 'til she passes out and she forgets how she got there."

Mmm... I'm getting a wet little clam from that one. On another track, Eminem raps how he wouldn't be a role model for anyone. Therefore he doesn't object to his shit being over commercial radio and TV. I sincerely wish after listening to this album is that one day I will get to hold Eminem's hands behind his back while Mike Tyson rapes him up the ass with a Garden Weasel.

And if you say, "That's out of hand," then I'll say, "it's only tongue-in-cheek."

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quite beautiful. Brady

NEIL HAMBURGER
Let's Be Dead in Malaysia
(Drag City)

When you hear the introduction ("It's Neel! Hamburgerrrrrrrr!") followed by dead silence from the audience, you know you're in for a treat.

LEGION OF GREEN MEN
Floating in Shallow Water
 (Post Contemporary Music)
 People should get this CD for the sound quality alone. For "Maria, Where I Must Find Her" is an amalgam of jazz and electronica, with overtones of **Herb Albert**. It's like a cyber Latino lament, at once traditionally poetic and thoroughly technological.

The **Legion**—are smart musicians in that they know how to blend different styles of music together and still make it work. Every song on their second album obviously has different influences, but—some just plain ambient, others a little more experimental, but all in the excellent tradition The Legion... has created.

With this album, the musicians have looked at the jazz aspects of music and incorporated them into the electronic genre. They have moved away from the harder, more insane aspects of their past album into the more ambient and experimental. It's a nice break from the seemingly endless electronic artists who all sound and look the same.

But the album does have its faults. The electronic music movement has progressed so rapidly over the last years that this album seems like nothing special in comparison—even though it is.

Anthony Schrag

JIM O'ROURKE
Eureka

(Drug City)
 Without sarcasm, I would comfortably describe this album as "advanced pop music" or maybe even "adult indie rock." Some scary drums, or maybe not. In a way, this album is better than any by its choice of cover songs. Both **Ivor Cutler's** "Women of the World" and **Burt Bacharach's** "Something Big" easily slip in amongst **Jim O'Rourke's** originals. But *Eureka* is neither kitsch nor ironic, even if it is a very self-conscious and reflective work. Although O'Rourke's approach seems quite clinical and intentional, it is not lifeless, unspontaneous, or heady. Instead, *Eureka* is almost a playful, celebratory culmination of all the formal elements found in O'Rourke's past releases.

To my ear, O'Rourke is **David Grubbs**, instead of **Finding the direction of the last *Gastr* Del Sol album**, *Cameleon*, towards an eclectic, refined fusion of experimentation and high pop. As with last year's *Bad Timing*, the credo of taking from the past as much as from the present, but always leading to something else, remains central to O'Rourke's methodology. Of course, this record is not easy to approach. Not because it's bafflingly abstract, but because it's so apparent. The result is that the sensitive indie rock listener may feel uncomfortable at times. I suspect this album is sure to have its galvanized detractors and enthusiasts alike, but such opinions could probably be formed in a vacuum, without reference

to any real music listening. With that said, I couldn't blame anyone for not liking this record, it took me a while to get into it too (not to mention the high watermark of good taste). However, after some thought, I think it's great. O'Rourke obviously knows what he's doing and is in control of some very complicated, large arrangements with varied instrumentation as made tidy. Not to mention probably hours of post-production studio work. As with Bacharach at his best, this laboratory side of the music is polished and well ordered, not quite hidden as made tidy. In the end, there is neither puffed up intellectualism to turn people off nor dumbed down pandering to a false, generalized audience—it's all just beautiful listening.

Brady

PLASTIKMAN
artifacts (bc)
 (Minus)
 In '95, Windsor, Ontario kid **Ridie Hawtin (Plastikman)** was thrown out of the US for performing illegally. Up to that point, Hawtin's creative development had centered around the Detroit scene where he had a great deal of success organizing and performing at countless parties. His banishment from the States was a radical event in his musical and personal life and it spawned three Plastikman albums, all meditations on exile: *sheet one, music, and line*, *artifacts (bc)*.

As far as I'm concerned, this is the best of the lot. My friend summed it up pretty well when he said that it was one of those albums that if you leave on while you're asleep you wake up in a way this album is better than any by its choice of cover songs. Both **Ivor Cutler's** "Women of the World" and **Burt Bacharach's** "Something Big" easily slip in amongst **Jim O'Rourke's** originals. But *Eureka* is neither kitsch nor ironic, even if it is a very self-conscious and reflective work. Although O'Rourke's approach seems quite clinical and intentional, it is not lifeless, unspontaneous, or heady. Instead, *Eureka* is almost a playful, celebratory culmination of all the formal elements found in O'Rourke's past releases.

ANOSHKA SHANKAR
Anoushka
 (Angel)
 I really wasn't sure what to expect from a record that I figured it's got **Ravi Shankar** all over it so I can't be bad. The album features five tracks, four of which were either written by, or adapted from, traditional ragas by **Ravi Shankar**. This is not to say that this is essentially a **Ravi** album. Far from it! While the mark of the elder Shankar is certainly present, his supremely talented and very adept daughter, **Anoushka**, demonstrates her own subtlety of touch accompanied by **Bikram Ghosh** and **Arup Chattopadhyay** on tablas. Anoushka weaves her own distinctive magic on the sitar, molding her father's music to her own sensibility and especially her personal favourite, "Kiriwani."

J.M.

SIX BY SEVEN
The Things We Make
 (Mantra/Beggar's Banquet)
 This album will be embraced much more enthusiastically than rock-pop music than, perhaps, by those who prefer their bands from Stateside. **Six By Seven** sounds like they have culled their influences from a variety of the favourite British bands of the '90s of which we all know the names. But *The Things We Make* isn't laden with as much of the catchy pop hooks nor does it strive to explore new vocabularies for the electric guitar. This album is listenable and the band is promising, but this time out you won't find yourself with any of the songs stuck in your head.

Cody Beales

SONGS/OHIA
Axxess and Ace
 (Secretly Canadian)
 People that I know sometimes ask me, "Chris, why do you listen to such depressing music? Doesn't it bring you down?" So I tell them, "Yes, it most definitely does." The way I see it, sometimes you need to be down. If you were never blue, how would you be able to distinguish your sad times from your happy moments? This new *Songs/Ohio* record is my own little way of "gettin' down," so to speak. Jason Molina (singer/songwriter) plays absolutely heartbreaking campfire songs about personal failures, lost love, and other such painful topics. His distinctively high-pitched, almost out of tune voice soars over the simple, catchy guitar melodies, quiet drums, and even a bit of mournful-sounding violin. It's all so sad, yet it's so perfect. It's the best effort yet, methinks. I love it.

Chris Carday

TOBIN SPROUT
Let's Welcome the Circus
 (Luna)
 I'm writing for the new **Guided By Voices** album. This will have to keep me occupied, I suppose. **Tobin Sprout** is soft, but not quite like me. Every song on this album is played on about 72, according to the metronome. I can say that Tobin writes a good song. Unfortunately, he can't write a good album. Buy this on CD or tape. Every song is one or two songs when you feel like it. If you buy this on vinyl, you might fall asleep trying to listen to the whole record.

Christa Min

PAUL WESTERBERG
Suaine Gratification
 (Capitol/Universal)
 Paul Westerberg's latest effort is another solid collection of catchy pop rock songs. Sound surprised? Not really. This is an album that long time fans will no doubt enjoy, but for those looking for something new and different, look elsewhere. Paul brings in some help for most of the songs on this album. Guest appearances by Dave Pinner of **Soul Asylum**, Shawn Colvin,

Don Was (who also co-produces) and the steady studio work of **Jim Keltner** flavour the playing. This is probably more suited to those who like a little something you can appreciate, but isn't the focus of your evening.

Cody Beales

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Drinking From Puddles
 (Kill Rock Stars)
 This is Brandon Lieberman's dream come true. Lieberman, host of *Drinking From Puddles* on KBOO in Seattle, has collected 22 recorded performances by various artists from his show. This compilation is an impressive accomplishment, containing many inspiring, historical live efforts. Popular and unknown artists are placed side by side; quiet acoustic performances (**Obituarys**, **Elliot Smith**, **Kristen Hersh**) match up to faster, noisier rock (**Murder City Devils**, **Protophase**) creating a nice dynamic flow to the whole record. Worst inclusion: **Nicole Pantar's** spoken word piece, "Fuck." My personal favourite: **Cat Power's** almost unrecognizable cover of **Pavement's** "We Dance." Well done, Brandon.

Chocolate baby

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Mali to Memphis
 (Putumayo)
 I was so excited to see the advance copy of this album—not only because the artists are all outstanding but because it's about time someone other than **Ry Cooder** made the obvious connections between contemporary West African pop and modern African blues. The artists are all forced into slavery were from West Africa, of Manding, Fulani, and Bambara heritage. Though Mali lies further inland, the African musicians on this recording are Bambara, Fulani and Songhai, and use a similar scale to that of American blues. Many of the African artists grew up listening to western blues, so though the roots of blues lie in Africa, the blues have circled back to inspire African musicians.

Mali is home to some star African artists like **Amadou** and **Mariam**, **Boubacar Traore**, and **Rokia Traore**, all of whom do a turn on this compilation in the company of three generations of blues musicians from **John Lee Hooker** to **Taj Mahal** to **Guy Davis**, and the ever-elusive **Jesse Mae Hemphill** makes a rare appearance with a 1979 recording of the haunting drone "Standing in My Doorway Crying." **Boubacar Traore's** "Kar Kar Madison" is reminiscent of **Ali Farka Touré** at his best, followed by **Eric Bibb**, who assays into a blues tune with strong African instrumentation. My favourite track is **Lebi Traore** with French harmonica genius **Vincent Bucher**.

If you are a serious roots and blues fan, you can't live without this recording. All that slide guitar and harmonica gets so good for the soul. Trust me.

Anna Friz

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Old School vs. New School
 (BMG)

Why Shit! This is just what the doctor ordered in this day and age of watered down, second rate, 295 type hip hop. This album is a perfect gift for those friends of yours who think **MC Hammer** is Old Skool. **The Sugarhill Gang** has something to say with **Spooky** and **Allafrica**, and that **EPMD** is some sort of hemorrhoid remedy. Check this out: three **Whodini** remixes, four **Tribal Calf Quest** remixes, **Koolhae Dee**, **BDP**—damn! Some of the premiere old school, including **Doc Martin**, **Fatboy Slim** (Norman Cook) and **Grooverider** gives these Old Skool masterpieces their own personal spin. A great tribute to old school hip hop and classic: **Robert in the Moon**, nine minute remix of "Food's Gold" is probably the best version of that ubiquitous track I've ever heard, and **Bad Boy Bill's** remix of **Koolhae Dee's** "I Go to Work" wins best song.

J.M.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Material

The featured artists on *Material*, the newest compilation by French label Source, are all twins of other favourite French stars from an alternate universe (although the credits listed on the liner notes of the album give no indication that they actually are some of the biggest using noms de guerre). They are indeed real unrelated artists. This, contrary to popular belief, is still a fabulous thing. The list of the new wave Frenchies like **Art, Dub Funk**, **DJ Dimitri**, etc. can't get enough of it and this record, my friends, will satiate your lust for a little while (at least until the next **Cassius** single is released).

This is the perfect album for you if you're ready to go on an other Moon Safari. There is not one dud on this to spoil your day. Starting with the first track, "Moogie" by **Ernest Saint Laurent** takes us into the same time space theme and then on to the dance-floor of the Parisian district covered in "Stardust" by **Phoenix**. Then there's "L'Ultimate Atom" by **Cometaq** which leaves one feeling like he's floating through the "Air" with **Perry and Kingsley** (**Jean-Michel Jarre**, eat your coeur out!

Scenario Rock's theme tune with the same title is the **Beastie Boys** at a tender moment. Another preferred track is "Musique Pour un Enfant Joué" by the simply named **Rou** (ou) who utilizes a certain sample also used in the big hit "Praise You" by that Fatboy guy. Brilliant!

If this compilation gets the press it deserves, it will be quite a hot thing, but if all goes well, it may stay relatively obscure and I'll get the secret disc for us Francophiles!

Christine Gloerier

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Virgin Voices: A Tribute to Madonna
 (Cleopatra)

As a long-time Madonna fan, you would I listen to a tribute to her? Because it's not her! No one wants to admit it, but she actually wrote (sang) some damn catchy tunes. And the secret of this album's success is that people on this album take the catchiness of both her earlier and newer pop and are completely *irreverent* with it. Catchy, fun and great music—who wouldn't like it?

Perhaps the best thing about this album is that the people on it. It's like an '80s pop reunion! **KMFDM** singing "Material Girl," **Dead or Alive** doing "Why It's So Hard," **Information Society** doing "Express Yourself." And that's not all! **Joe George**, **Spain Ranch**, **Heaven 17**, **Bow Wow** and more. And not a blonde Ambition Tour groupie in sight.

It's all the yummy goodness of the '80s minus the annoyance of Madonna. And this is Volume One. Can't wait for Vol. 2.

Yippie Skippity!
 Anthony Schrag

SOUNDTRACK
Reach the Rock
 (Hefty)

Primarily a collection of music by John McEntire, this soundtrack to William Ryan's *Reach the Rock* also features good tracks by **Torres**, **See and Cake**, **Bundy K. Brown**, **Polvo** and **Dianogah**. The music is all very complementary and evocative but a little sparse [intentionally because of the requirements of the movie and the fact that it's a soundtrack]. Nevertheless the music does stand alone quite well. Still, despite the overall high quality, there are no big surprises. Not that this is really a problem, as past fans wouldn't necessarily be looking for any, and new listeners would still enjoy what's available: spacious, mellow, fairly ambient but occasionally groovy stuff.

McEntire's work is more often paired with it's moog lounge space theme and then on to the dance-floor of the Parisian district covered in "Stardust" by **Phoenix**. Then there's "L'Ultimate Atom" by **Cometaq** which leaves one feeling like he's floating through the "Air" with **Perry and Kingsley** (**Jean-Michel Jarre**, eat your coeur out!

Brady

Real Live Action



LIVE REVIEWS

JUNGLE

**DESTROYER
THE BEANS
I AM SPOONBENDER
Friday, March 26
Starfish Room**

I wandered into the Starfish not seeing straight after 13 hours of work. Being an anniversary party for CBC's *Brown New Waves* and *Exclaim Magazine*, I was bubbly in anticipation of meeting BNN's Patti Schladt. Alas, of the three whopping pages of guest list, she was not present. Witnessing letters and bowls of dip lay on the tables, remnants of the pre-party I didn't make. The crowd seemed lively, loud, and even, dare I say, excited.

I Am Spoonbender, combining ex-members of **Pansy Division** and **Cub**, hit the stage first. Clad in black and leather, they burst into sputtering, assualive, electro-fusion goth-pop. Keyboards and aggressive drumming, repetitive, minor-chord bass, mixed with very little movement comprised the show's opener. They seemed bored.

When **The Beans** were setting up, **People** began to sit themselves on the floor in front of the stage and the feed turned intimate and warm. Uninitiated to **The Beans'** live show, I spent the set in quiet awe of their organic, patient, musical musings. Primarily instrumental, they played around with dynamics, a voice-only performance piece, found sounds, and storming crescendos. They swept me up in their sonic salad and made me a believer.

After a small rant from **Norward**, **Destroyer** started in on their bent pop. I was struck by their instrumental skills and their ability to keep such catchy songs off-kilter at all times. It was almost unsettling, although it could have been my bent frame of mind. I want to hear more of **Destroyer**.

Now, even though I had stuck considerable words of toilet paper in my ears, this show was still intensely loud. Blistering and uncomfortable, I'd even go so far as to say, What will become of our jungle, dear scenesters? ...

Hearing, flashing, towering sign. Flashy clothes and real raw posturing. Divine! These guys wield mature sonic weapons like a rapier, severing heads and stealing feet ... a **Cheap Trick** for our time. So your papa was a rollin' stone ...

Well, Pat, you silky voiced eluder, you picked some damn fine local talent. I left the Starfish spent and grinning, with only a slight case of deafness. Turn that shit down!

Caleb Still

**VANCOUVER BACH CHOIR
Krystof Penderecki's Polish Requiem
Saturday, March 27
Orpheum Theatre**

The concert's program featured the work's title in a red, drippy font, similar to a heavy metal logo. Like most metal, the music was a river of hackneyed, unfocused solemnity. The notes proclaimed manifold sources of inspiration: anti-fascism, mourning for Poland's suffering, and love of Catholicism. The result was over-loud, following too many thirds and sixths.

The Bach Choir sounded haggard and under-rehearsed. Yet the sheer size of the choir—204 voices, bigger than any baroque chorus Bach would have known—often overshadowed the orchestra. The symphonic ensemble may or may not have had a name. They played well enough, but the choir seemed to defuse any electricity the orchestra threatened to create. The vocal soloists, who sang grand, sailed easily over all these problems as the conductor failed to draw the chorus out of its doldrums.

The real problem was Penderecki's 1993 score. The strings and percussion maintained a musical dialogue that was being heard more than 1909. For example, the violins would perform a descending sequence down through the violas to the cellos and basses, until solo tympani hammered out the motif's rhythm to punctuate the gesture. Chimes were constantly going off, imitating church bells and ominous noisy seriousness. There was also no attempt to blend the orchestra's sections in any but the most blunt manner.

Even the most cliché techniques could come together to something uplifting if they eventually fused into a convincing transformation, such as heard in William Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast." However, the ambitions of the instrumental music were apparently limited to providing a backdrop for the singers, and respecting figures that would connect one song moment to another. All the movements sounded more or less the same.

Penderecki's "Requiem Mass" did succeed at what was problematic in its real intent, it gathered together heads of state (in this case the Consuls General of Poland and Germany) to show their solidarity with the proclaimed intentions of the composer, while appearing at a venue of cultural relevance. Penderecki has understood the political angle of musical success ever since he retilled a nameless orchestral exercise "Threnody: for the Victims of Hi-

roshima," instantly transforming his career. Overnight, Penderecki was recognized as a "politically aware" artist. Whether this was a calculated manoeuvre or not is perhaps impossible to say. However, a large listening body was immediately attracted to the sympathetic inference of Threnody's title. If political suggestion created an audience for his music, then political suggestion could be tailored for a musical event, creating money and influence. Bennett ads have shown how passionate issues distract, presenting effective veneers for ordinary, even tawdry, product. Penderecki simply used the tone, taking listeners to new heights in sensational banality.

John Keillor

**ASIAN DUB FOUNDATION
DJ HIVE
AUDIO ACTIVE
Saturday, March 27
Starfish Room**

OK, I admit I'm kinda dumb sometimes. I got to the Starfish at 10:30 when my tickets said the show started) and two minutes later a band started. "Great," I thought, "I'm just in time." Wrong! Turns out it was **Audio Active** and I missed **DJ Hive**. Damn! Anyway, there I got to the Starfish at 10:30 ready, but to the 150 or so people who didn't make it to see **Audio Active**, all I can say is, "Sucks to be you!"

The Japanese quintet put on a show of such intensity and overwhelming energy that many people weren't sure how to deal with it. Though I couldn't hear any of the heavily distorted, murky lyrics, the music was clear: [to quote **LL Cool J**], "Now watch me bash this beat like a skull, that you know I had beef with!" Yeah! They kicked such harsh ass with their brand of industrial funk that I felt like I'd been hit with the "Chewbacca defense."

After a short break [to get our heads back together] **Asian Dub Foundation** dropped the bomb on us. Right from the opening number, "Black White," the combination of Deeder's driving vocals, intense jungle breakbeats, and Dr. Dat's slow, driving, dub basslines was more than enough to drive a dancer insane. On the downside, while the show was INTENSE, the crowd kinda sucked ass. Even the band noticed how lame it's real intent, it gathered together heads of state (in this case the Consuls General of Poland and Germany) to show their solidarity with the proclaimed intentions of the composer, while appearing at a venue of cultural relevance. Penderecki has understood the political angle of musical success ever since he retilled a nameless orchestral exercise "Threnody: for the Victims of Hi-

very few seemed to know what they were talking about, or even care). They finally got some worthy crowd response but they had to work WAY too hard for it. We'll be lucky if they come back.

JM

**VANCOUVER POP MUSICA
Sonic Boom 99
Fri., April 2-Sun., April 4
Western Front**

There were many fine things about the event, good playing, pleasant venue, alert bar staff, etc. However, the music performed ran the gamut from serious art music to light, garden party backdrop. If this sounds inclusive, democratic, or fair, imagine sitting still through many pieces that do not interest half an audience, including yourself.

Some composers wanted music to express music yet unwritten, while others wanted to reproduce existing music in their own image. The first act, avant-garde soundscapes, alert bar staff, etc. However, the music performed ran the gamut from serious art music to light, garden party backdrop. If this sounds inclusive, democratic, or fair, imagine sitting still through many pieces that do not interest half an audience, including yourself.

When the lighter pieces played, the room felt stuffy and uncomfortable, because its listeners were over attending the music. The first classical piece I don't have the place of importance it had in the 19th century. It is difficult to write art-like music of modern integrity these days, because pop culture produces such inspired stuff. Perhaps a new appreciation for the new party will create a new venue for light classical music. However, pop music is a multi-billion dollar industry intent on clobbering anyone trying to enter the pleasant venue music market.

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was constantly concealing a new syntax, negating the passive effect a moment of light music has to the next moment. The more closely one listened, the better his music sounded. Melanie Beale's playing was simply astounding, but so bursts of content and originality were breathtaking to some and a chore for others.

Conversely, **Mark Armanini's** "Heartland" was the last word in uncomplicated music. Performed by the On-chord Ensemble, Asian instruments were mixed with modern percussion to create effective surfaces that would have been ideal for landscape film scores. (This is one of the most popular that freshwater inlets.) The music wandered amicably from one pleasant texture to the next, without any previous material ever impacting on subsequent musical direction.

Other light pieces, such as **Del Milani's** "Sons of the Sun," were like classical chamber music, but rather than being current, its idiom was about a hundred years old, recreating Paris' "Group of Seven" and its music's airy motions. This act's recital was not the same as creating, but it was pretty. While the lovers of the light were enthralled, the more serious listeners, the avant-garde, found themselves less than satisfied.

Clearly, this format is not working. What is required of **Vancouver Pop Musica** is to clearly define where it stands. Just as the programmers of Ullis Fair craftily avoided **Judas Priest** in their line-up, **Vancouver Pop Musica** must know their position and their audience. Until then, the over-garden crowd might do better to huddle around **Vancouver New Music and Standing Wave**.

John Keillor

**SEBADOH
LOWCASE
Tuesday, April 6
Vogue Theatre**

They came, they rocked ... I came, I rocked ... I must say that seeing **Sebadoh** in a movie theatre venue isn't as much fun as sloshing your beer and banging your head in the Starfish, but oh well. Sebadoh was great. This is the third time I've seen Sebadoh live and they kicked ass as usual. But I'm a little bit of a critic. They stuck pretty close to their last three releases, **Bakalele**, **Harmony**, and this year's **The Sebadoh**, but they did regale me with an appropriately heart-wrenching version of "Salt and Fire" off of 1993's **Bubble and Scrape**. Because the Vogue isn't really a drinking venue, I stayed relatively sober and for the first time noticed how pronouncedly **Ateneo** sings. When Jason Low and Lou Barlow are in front man, things are fast and furious and his vocals have a wonderful early-**Pixies** **Frank Black** raw power sound which really makes me simpler like **Britney Spears**, whereas Lou Lowbar is more like a lover's low moan. The two sort of took turns speeding things up and slowing things down, creating a wonderful yin-yang of go-

rage rawk.

And of course, Sebadoh's new CFOX status meant that there were a bunch of squids who thought they were going to see the **New Radicals** and therefore couldn't get down once confronted with so much feedback, so they just stood around looking uncomfortable—but who gives a shit? Barlow had a charmingly self-conscious reaction to "The Flame" (the top 40 radio airplay—when the sample lead up to begin the song, Barlow broke into a devilish smile and started clapping his hands over his head, adopting a stadium rock pose).

Ah, Sebadoh, until we meet again next year ... I love you.

Hancutt

**VEDA HILLE
TIME WAITS
Friday, April 9
Starfish Room**

Vancouver's musical treasures and quirky diva Ms. **Veda Hille** provided a most snazzy evening of musical delight with her **Skilled and Devoted Band**. Back from a mostly triumphant tour of the US, Hille's possible exception of Philly, she kicked into a groove early and stayed there late.

Opening act **Time Waits** delivered an interesting but un-even set of jazzy-folk grooves. Lead singer, instrumentalist **Jana Gellan** proved to be the glue holding this outfit together, with her relaxed stage presence and proficiency on accordion, keyboards, and trumpet. This is a band which would be worth seeing for a more intimate setting.

"Hello, hometown crowd!" was Veda's boisterous greeting to the SRO crowd at the Starfish. But "SRO" in this case meant sitting room only and neither this cheer nor the kickass show that followed got the assembled asses off what should have been the dance floor—kids, if this is a trend, let's nip it in the butt—except for the non-mandatory swirling hippie types who politely danced off to the side.

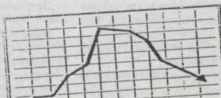
One Veda Hille show is never the same as another, but it does seem as though she's progressing down the jazz-funk road in a breakneck fashion. Her skilled and devoted band is just that. **Berry Mirochnick** and the inimitable **Ford Pier** switched off on guitars and drums a few times to keep it lively. Barry's saw solo was the highlight of skill and fit the groove to what the heck, you wouldn't know it was a carpenter's tool if you weren't looking.

Visually, Veda has still got that librarian-cum-goddess thing happening—perhaps musically as well. Sweet and chunky melodies through **Britney Spears**, whereas Lou Lowbar is more like a lover's low moan. The two sort of took turns speeding things up and slowing things down, creating a wonderful yin-yang of go-

long time

Ved Corrier

CiTR charts



WHAT'S BEING PLAYED ON 101.9 FM

may 99 long vinyl

1	various artists	synup & gasoline	grenadine
2	oh susanna	johnstown	stella
3	legion of green men	floating in shallow water	post cont.
4	gaze	shake the pounce	k
5	april march	chrominance decoder	ideal
6	low	secret name	kranky
7	plastikman	artifacts (bc)	minus
8	sleater-kinney	the hot rock	kill rock stars
9	various artists	yoyo a go go	yoyo
10	the kingpins	let's go to work	stomp
11	coldcut	things fall apart	mca
12	the roots	surf after dark	fireball
13	satsuma	satsuma	independent
14	.hissy fit	uglier than you	bridge burner
15	sebadah	the sebadah	sub pop
16	make up	i want some	k
17	lonesome organist	calvalcade	thrill jockey
18	silver scooter	orleans parish	peek-a-boo
19	coyote men	vs. el mundo	estrus
20	petty booka	dancing with ...	sister
21	aphex twin	windowlicker ep	warp
22	godspeed you ...	slow riot for new zero ... ep	kranky
23	built to spill	keep it like a secret	warner bros.
24	ladybug transistor	albamerale sound	merge
25	metatunas	x-minus-one	american pop
26	various artists	drinking from puddles	kill rock stars
27	olivia tremor control	black foliage	flydaddy
28	van zippers	bad generation	estrus
29	takako minekawa	cloudy cloud calculator	emperor norton
30	looper	up a tree	sub pop
31	mogwai	come on die young	matador
32	arling & cameron	all in	emperor norton
33	pan sonic	a	blast first
34	electric frankenstein	i was a teenage shutdown	estrus

may 99 short vinyl

1	heliocopters	down right blue	sub pop
2	built to spit/marine research	split	k
3	disgusteens	nothing personal	longshot
4	longstocking	will you stay	k
5	ghosts and vodka	memento mori	hefty
6	donnas/toilet boys	split	lookout
7	marine research	s/t	k
8	various artists	self portrait	permafrost
9	n. case/whiskeytown	split	bloodshot
10	harry dean stanton	you don't miss ...	rx remedy
11	magnetic fields	i don't believe you	merge
12	lucksmiths	untidy towns	drive-in
13	archer prewitt	s/t	motorcoat
14	penny's electric ...	s/t	suicide squeeze
15	the parcels	s/t	brentwood estates
16	low	venus	sub pop
17	les savy fav	our coastal hymn	deSoto
18	roads to space travel	meatballs for lunch	deSoto
19	rizzo	shymaster	cher doll
20	junior varsity	juvenile	remedial

may 99 indie home jobs

1	solteens	nice day
2	radio berlin	distance
3	forecasts farewell	behind the red sun
4	clover honey	talk about me
5	skavengers	i won't forget you
6	full sketch	soundtrack
7	belle bête	love stains
8	team strike force	lager + lime
9	we coashia	i am not a swan
10	bishop of battle	coldward and stormward
11	nagasaki fondue	nobody
12	destroyer	karen is in rome
13	benedictions	oh no
14	dreamy angel	laundromat queen
15	ticktape parade	audience with the pope
16	light of green	silver bird flew away
17	portal b	freash show
18	fridge art tiara	?
19	the kirby grips	mod boy
20	full sketch	sketchsize

barbara's top ten essay-writing soundtracks

(like either table at mandala 11:30-1pm)

1	au pairs	equal but different: bbc sessions
2	refused	the shape of punk to come
3	sex gang children	live at the lyceum, 1983
4	various artists	wanna buy a bridge?
5	neotrip	mr. brubaker's strawberry alarm clock
6	the need	
7	prime time indian music programming on CiTR 101.9 FM	
8	gavin friday	each man kills the thing he loves
9	god is my co-pilot	"i hate my friends"
10	black light district	1000 lights in a darkened room

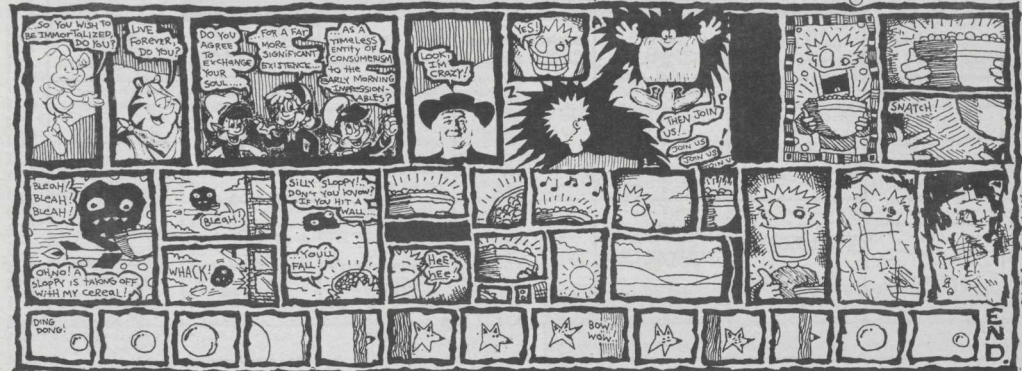
what we listened to ...

1	david bowie	singles collection
2	the crabs	sand + sea
3	mark	chocolate covered bad things
4	rose tattoo	scared for life
5	marine research	from the gulf stream
6	99	767
7	prodigy	ditchbanger sessions
8	the lonesome organist	cavalcade
9	cassandra wilson	
10	bangs	tiger beat

Good Tasty Comic

<jdasilva@ciad.bc.ca>

by Jason Da Silva



On The Dial



YOUR ON-AIR GUIDE TO CTR 101.9 FM

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:30AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae into all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE alt. 3:00-5:00PM Real cowhills caught in your boots country.

WIRELESS alt. 3:00-5:00PM LIPGLOSS & CIGARETTES alt. 5:00-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00-6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your set holiday now!

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transgender communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music from musicians of all sexual preferences and gender identities.

HELLO INDIA 8:00-9:00PM GETA NALI 9:00-10:00PM

Geta Nali features a wide range of music from India, including classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies from the 1930's to the 1990's, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Oshavals, etc. **THE SHOW 10:00PM-1:00AM** Strictly Hip Hop — Strictly Underground —

Strictly Vinyl! With your hosts Cheekmate, Flip Out & J Swing on the 1 & 2's.

THE CHILL-OUT ROOM 1:00-4:00AM DJ Clutch spins hip-hop. DJ Decker spins techno. So chill out with us. Have a nice day.

MONDAYS

BLUEGRASS FOR BREAKFAST 6:00-8:00AM

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:15-11:00AM Your favourite brown stars, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delight! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special. Instrumental, trance, lounge and ambience. **BLUE MONDAY alt. 11:00AM-**

1:00PM Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtump to, hosted by Corvan.

THE ETHER TABLE alt. 11:00AM-1:00PM

SOUPE DU JOUR 1:00-3:00PM Feeling a little French-inspired? Francophone music from around the globe, sans Celine Dion.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 3:00-4:00PM I endeavour to feature dead air, verbal resistance, a work of music by a 20-century composer — can you say minimalist? — and whatever else appeals to me. Fog and dyke positive.

EVIL VS. GOOD 4:00-5:00PM Who will triumph? Hardcore/punk from beyond the grave.

BIRDWATCHERS 5:00-6:00PM Join the Sports department for their eye on the birds.

POLYFILLER alt. 6:00-7:30PM

LADY DEATHSTRIKE alt. 6:00-7:30PM

PIRATE RADIO 7:30-9:00PM Formerly "Love Sucks", now at a new time.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-wise

Gavin Walker. Features at 11. **May 3 "The Culture of the Oregon,"** Larry Young and his album *Unity*.

May 10 Stan Getz with the Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland Big Band.

May 17 On his birthday-alto saxophonist Jackie McLean with trumpeter Kenny Doham and "The World's Hippiest Rhythm Section".

May 24 Circles by guitarist Jim Hall with pianist Don Thompson and drummer Terry Clarke.

May 31 Tenor saxophonist Tina Brooks with trumpeter Johnny Cole.

VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00-4:00AM Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts — thank fucking Christ.

TUESDAYS

THE MORNING AFTER SHOW 6:00-8:00AM

THE CLASSICAL SHOW 8:00-9:30AM Listen carefully as Johnny B. brings you the classical music show featuring Canadian composers, another hour and more. Radio can luuuu for the masses.

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM Torrid trash-rock, sleazy

surf and pulsating punk provide the perfect scissor kick to your head every Tuesday morn. There's no second chance when KungFu is used for evil with drunken list Bryce. Kill ya!

TRAGIC ANIMAL STORIES 11:30AM-1:00PM Tales of puppy love gone awry, and of baby ducks crossing the street, all backed up by a sad soundtrack of various inderock bands for your own enjoyment and education. Cry in your beer, please.

ECHOES FROM THE SUGAR CUBE FACTORY 1:00-2:00PM

BELT OUT THE BLUES 2:00-3:00PM Music for families and little people.

THE SLIPPERY SLOT alt. 3:30-5:00PM

SKINTIGHT BUFFOONERY alt. 3:30-5:00PM

BBC WORLDNEWS SERVICE 5:00-5:30PM

RADIO ACTIVE 5:30-6:00PM Activism, issues and kicking up the corporate powers that be.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM Hardcore and punk rock since 1999. <http://flexyourhead.com/>

SAREGAMA 8:00-9:00PM

SUN

MON

TUE

WED

THU

FRI

SAT

reggae linkup

Bluegrass for Breakfast

The Morning After Show

BBC

FIRST FLOOR
Don't say that about my mama

caught in the red

Get to the Chorus

are you serious? music

Breakfast with the Browns

The Classical Show
third time's the charm

Spike's Musical Pins and Needles
RADIO DRAMA

Reel Music
Filibuster/stand and be counted

One LOVE
Skat's Scenic Drive

THE SATURDAY EDGE

ROCKERS SHOW

Blue Monday/ the ether table

Tragic Animal Stories
echoes from the sugar cube factory

Babylon Afternoon

CANADIAN LUNCH
STEVE AND MIKE

THESE ARE THE BREAKS

alam maseks

WIRELESS/ BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

The Meat-Eating Vegan
evil vs. good

DELT OUT THE BLUES
SLIPPERY SLOT (without burdock)

DI in a Coma
motor dAddy

ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW
Bombshell/ rhymes and reasons

Little Twin Stars
NARD'WAR & NOIZ

POWER CHORD
Lucky Scratch

Lipgloss & Cigarettes / Saint Tropez

Birdwatchers

BBC Worldnews Radio Active

BBC Headlines Rachel's Song

Culture Cavity
Reels to Reel

NOOZE & ARTS

hearsay

QUEER FM

Polyfiller/ Lady Deathstrike

flex your head

solid state

Out For Kicks

Far East Side Sounds/ African Rhythms

RADIO FREE AMERICA

Hello India

pirate radio

SAREGAMA

and sometimes why/ by the way

on air with greased hair

home

synaptic sandwich

GeeTaNaLi

THE JAZZ SHOW

summer fill-in
Venus Flytrap/ witchdoctor highball

Folk Oasis

str8 outta jallundar

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL
COCKED AND READY/ NOCTURNAL TRANSMISSIONS

pipe dreams
live at the hi-hat

THE CHILL-OUT Room

VENGEANCE IS MINE!

AURAL TENTACLES

Hans Kloss' Misery Hour

Plutonian Nights

LIP SINK/ DEAD AIR

Soul Tree/ Earwax

Featuring traditional [classical, light and folk] and contemporary South-Indian music.

WITCHDOCTOR HIGHBALL alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM Noise, ambient, electronic, hip hop, free jazz, Christian better living U's, the occasional amateur radio play, whatever.

VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM Join Greg in the love den for a cocktail. We'll hear retro stuff, groovy jazz, and thicker stuff too. See you here... and bring some ice.

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00AM-VERY LATE Warning: This show is moody and unpredictable. It encourages insomnia and may prove to be hazardous to your health. Ambient, ethnic, funk, pop, dance, punk, electronic, synth, blues, and unusual rock.

WEDNESDAYS

SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM A perfect blend of the sublime and absurd, with your refined and exotic hosts Jack Velvet and Carmen Garcia.

SPIKE'S MUSICAL PINS AND NEEDLES 9:00AM-10:00AM

Spike spins Canadian tunes accompanied by spotlights on local artists. Weekly "Vintage Vancouver" segment takes a look back at this city's musical past.

RADIO DRAMA 10:00AM-12:00PM

ABYSSINIAN AFTERNOON 12:00-2:00PM

DJ IN A COMA 2:00-3:00PM

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM "eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy, repeat."

BBC WORLDSERVICE 5:00-5:10PM

RACHEL'S SONGS 5:10-6:00PM Info on health and the environment, from recycling and conservation projects to diet, health, and consumption and sustainability in the urban context.

SOLID STATE 6:00-7:30PM

Featuring the latest in techno, trance, acid and progressive house. Spotlights on local artists, ticket giveaways, & live performances. Hosted by Mr.Pink.

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM Jester/knave, low, aah... these are a few of our lower-end things.

BY THE WAY alt. 7:30-9:00PM

Let's give alternative media a chance -- VIVA VINYL! 7's new and old, local cassettes and demos.

FOUR OASIS 9:00-10:30PM Featuring the latest local and international releases in folk/world music, phone interviews, in-studio guests and more. Requests always welcomed!

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLINDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM (Le)Di, Indira and Bindra immerse you in radioactive Bhingra! "Chakki de phutay."

Listen to all our favourite Punjabi tunes -- remixes and originals.

HANSKLOSS MISERY HOUR 12:00-4:00AM Mix of most depressing, unheard and unlistenable melodies, tunes and voices.

THURSDAYS

FIRST FLOOR 3:00-6:00AM

DONT SAY THAT ABOUT MY MAMA 6:30-8:30AM

REEL MUSIC 8:30-10:00AM

Soundtracks and classical.

FLIBUSTER alt. 10:00-11:30AM

Part accordion-fingered musical meanderings, part experimental weirdness, with a life bad bill blood thrown in for good measure.

STAND AND BECUT alt. 10:00-11:30AM DJ Hancunt urges women to get down with their cunts while listening to women in jazz, funk, rap, soul, worldbeat, disco and beyond.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM From Tofino to Garder, Ballin Island to Portage La Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!

STEVE & MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crushing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby. (hardcore)

ONOMATOPOEIA 2:00-3:00PM

Comix comix comix eh yeah and some music. With Robin and Jules.

BOMBHELL alt. 3:00-5:00PM

RHYMES AND REASONS alt. 3:00-5:00PM

CULTURE CRAP 5:00-6:30PM

SHAPE UP alt. 5:30-6:00PM

REELS TO REEL alt. 5:30-6:00PM

Movie reviews and criticism.

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM

No Bikenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM Rock & roll & red.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local music from 9. Live bands from 10-11.

COCKED AND READY alt. 11:00PM-1:00AM

NOCTURNAL TRANSMISSIONS alt. 11:00PM-1:00AM

You adjust the lighting, DJ Satyricon mixes the sounds. Radio that could only happen after the sun's gone down. Songs and soundscapes for the night city.

PLUTONIUM NIGHTS 1:00-4:00AM Late night vinyl. Occasional skips. Cheers.

FRIDAYS

CAUGHT IN THE RED 6:30-8:30AM

Trowling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris. Stick out ya' can.

ONE LOVE 8:30-10:00AM Anything and everything from the wonderful world of music, as long as harmonies can be sung, and the melodies be heard.

SKA-TS-CK-IE-K DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM Ska, baby.

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM

DJ Splice brings you a flipped up, freaked out, full-on, funkified, sample heavy beatnik trip, focusing on anything with breathbeats.

Versatile at any style.

LITTLE TWIN STARS 2:00-3:30PM

Underground, experimental, indie and women. Jazzzy space rock at its finest.

NARDWUJAR THE HUMAN SERVICE PRESENTS ... 3:30-4:00PM

NOIZ 4:00-5:00PM self-titled.

BBC WORLDSERVICE 5:00-5:30PM

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

Dani 'Toni' Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa & African music from around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM

Hosted by DJ Noah: techno, but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJ's, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

LIMP SINK alt. 12:00-6:00AM

Rant, phone-in and kiss your mother with the guests.

DEAD AIR alt. 12:00AM-VERY LATE

Exceptionally interesting girl talk.

SATURDAYS

GET TO THE CHORUS alt. 6:00-8:00AM

THE SATURDAY DEAD 8:00AM-12:00PM

Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

ALAM MAZKA 12:00-1:00PM

Arabic music.

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM

Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead and Metal Ron do the damage.

LUCKY SCRATCH 3:00-5:00PM

From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, crooners and tunesters in the blue degree. Blues and blues roots with your hosts Anna and Andy.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM

Extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think. Originally broadcast on KJVC (Los Angeles, Calif.).

LIVE! AT THE HI-HATTI! alt. 10:00PM-1:00AM

'Sho' 'nuff bumpin'! -Popular Music. Phone, write or call for reservations. Dance. Admission \$6.00.

PIPEDREAMS alt. 1:00-1:00AM

SOUL TREE alt. 1:00-4:30AM

From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the acoustic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree.

EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM

Noiz terrorism cut thru raw rhythms/as punk rock distills Detroit minimalism/Do truth will be found bound in sounds/locked in my ears like earwax. Word...Gay Smiley

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-8:30AM

Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make you feel like a rasta. Hosted by Sister B.

WHOM HOW

Art Board Chair Henry Hartscheg Business Katrina McGee

Current Affairs Miriam Torchinsky Demos/Cassettes Christa Min

Entertainment Richard Anderson Mobile Sound Andrew Orchard

Music Julie Galero President Tobias Van Veen

Production Shane Vander Meer Production Coordinator Anna Fritz

Promotions Alia Hussey Record Librarian Julian Manyoni

Secretary Christa Min Sports Mike Chow

Station Manager Aaron Nakama Vice President Anthony Schrag

Folk... parents... show!

May 5: ...
May 12: ...
May 19: ...
May 26: ...

What Beethoven said in four notes...
The Pogues did it three!"
-- Anonymous

Come and visit every Wednesday evening,
8-10pm on CITR-FM 101.9

SUMMER SCHEDULE

NEW TIME, NEW NAME, BUT... SAME SHOW!

Love Sucks now called Pirate Radio, moved to Mon. nights 7:30-9:00 -audio art and mixology with Industry and Agriculture

Bluegrass for Breakfast Mon. 6:30-8:00 AM JD Avalon Presents Tues. 2:00-3:30 PM Sound That Pitches Tues. alt. 3:30-5:00 PM La Bomba Tues. 9:00-10:00 PM

Belit Out The Blues Tues 2:00-3:30 PM Skintight Buffoonery Tues alt 3:30-5:00 PM

Summer Fill-ins:

First Floor Thurs 3:00-6:00 AM Don't Say That About My Mama Thurs 6:30-8:30 AM

New Shows:

Yakkity Yak!

CITR needs more articulate and chatty people for spoken word programming; reviews and features for news and arts; interviews, theme shows, etc.

C'mon up to room 233 of the SUB at UBC or talk to Anna 822-1242

25 B.C. JOURNAL

Datebook



WHAT'S HAPPENING IN MAY

FRI 13 CTR PRESENTS OLIVIA TREMOR CONTROL, THE MUSIC TAPES@Sugar; Spirit of the West, Lunas, Scraj MacDuhk, SPU Pipe Band@Vogue; Spirit of the West, Lunas, Scraj MacDuhk, SPU Pipe Band@Vogue; Spirit of the West, Lunas, Scraj MacDuhk, SPU Pipe Band@Vogue

SAT MAY 1 CTR PRESENTS GOMEZ, MOJAVE 3@Starfish; Party Poppers, Gaelic Storm, Mary Jane Lamond, Ad Velle Que Pourra@Vogue; Los Mocosso@Chameleon; Phoenix Chamber Choir with Carol Welsman@Chan Centre, DJ Dutchboy@Waldorf Hotel; Mothertruck, Dragstore@Pic Pub

SUN 2 Indie rock off: Joel, Johnny Sizzle@Sugar Refinery; Alanis Morissette, Sloan, Veda Hille@GM Place; Eye 6, UN@Richard's; Vancouver Guitar Quartet CD release party@Firehall Theatre; Ambient Branch Tour (feat. Perfume Tree, Dogone, DJ Ihuno, Spool@Starfish; Moon 3 CBC Vancouver Orchestra@Chan Sun Concert Hall; Bodner@Sugar Refinery; Rocksteady Ska Dance Night w/Ska-T@Gate

TUE 4 Big Miss Moviola's Chainletter Tapes@Blinding Light Cinema **WED 5** Big Miss Moviola's Chainletter Tapes@Blinding Light Cinema; Incantation, Solas, Zakkus@Starfish; Ryan Biggs@Sugar Refinery; Eye of Newt Collective@Havana Gallery; Pilgrims of the Mind, Phil Western@Sonar

THU 6 Motorhead, Dropkick Murphys, Hatebreed@Rage; Nickelback, Jari, Special Guests, New Big Shoes@Starfish; PUKR@Columbia **FRI 7** Kid Koala, Bullring@Sonar; Jungle, Jack Tripper, Veal, Brundle Fly@Starfish; Enduring Records showcase@Brickyard; The Molesters@Sugar Refinery; Elsewhere@Vancouver Playhouse; Watchmen, 99@Vogue; Van DMC, Maestro@Enterprise Hall (Plaza of Nations); Ace Swing Co.@The League (2205 Commercial Dr.)

SAT 8 Pure Science@Sonar; Millennium Project@Chameleon; Fryer Tuck and Broken Record@Chameleon@Sugar Refinery; Elsewhere@Vancouver Playhouse; Bloomdaisy, Kirk Thirk, Glimmer, Grace, Damn the Dive@Gate; Mike Ness, Richard Buckner, P.W. Long@Vogue; Cadillac Tamps, Alley Boys, Midge, 1900@Starfish; Granville Island Bluesgrass Festival free show@Market Stage

SUN 9 Dance installment by Sheri Euechko@Sugar Refinery; Granville Island Bluesgrass Festival free show@Market Stage **MON 10** Bodner@Sugar Refinery; Rocksteady Ska Dance Night w/Ska-T@Gate

TUE 11 Not So Fast Freddie@Sugar Refinery; DJ Graham Smith@Chameleon **WED 12** SFU Film School Party@Starfish; Eminem, the Beatnuts@Rage;

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE!
TO HAVE YOUR EVENT LISTED, FAX ALL THE RELEVANT INFO (WHO, WHERE, WHEN) TO 822 9364, ATTENTION "DATEBOOK." DEADLINE FOR THE JUNE ISSUE IS MAY 17TH!

Smak@Chameleon; Coal, Lily Frost@Pic Pub

THU 13 Hell Caminos, 440 Six-Pack, Ten Days Late, Caters@Starfish; BYOB: Home Movies@Blinding Light Cinema; Wave Wave@Sugar Refinery; Elsewhere@Vancouver Playhouse

FRI 14 Star Wars Prequel Party@Starfish; Broken Record Chamber@Sugar Refinery; Snakefarm, PJ Olsson@Sonar; Bad Religion@RUBC Student Rec. Ctr.; Elsewhere@Vancouver Playhouse

SAT 15 Grrrlapalooza (feat. Tribe 8, Che: Chapter 127, Veda Hille, Lund, Ersatz, Sarah & Teagan)@VECC; The Colorific@The Gate; Lix the Pole, Flash Bastard, Monasters@Starfish; Talking Pictures with Jorri Dykstra@Western Front; Fat Beats@Chameleon; Elsewhere@Vancouver Playhouse; Granville Island Bluesgrass Festival free show@Market Stage; Gobi@Pic Pub

SUN 16 Vancouver Chinese Music Ensemble@Western Front; Dance with Sheri Euechko@Sugar Refinery (7:30); Granville Island Bluesgrass Festival free show@Market Stage; Benefit concert for Kasov Refugees with Dee Daniels@Sydney United Church (W. 45th & New St.)

MON 17 Rocksteady Ska Dance Night w/Ska-T@Gate; Bodner@Sugar Refinery

TUE 18 Buckcherry, Black Halos@Starfish; Critter@Sugar Refinery; Ambient Branch Tour (feat. Perfume Tree, Dogone, DJ Ihuno, Spool@Chameleon)

WED 19 I.S.O. feat. Otomo Yoshihide, Paul Pimley Trio@Starfish; Hugh Masekela@Richard's on Richards

THU 20 Local Rabbits, Star Collector, Mt. Pleasant@Starfish; DJ Dan@Chameleon

FRI 21 Radiogram@Sugar Refinery; Kinzie Starr@Starfish **SAT 22** Nomenano@Starfish; Kyrstan@Starfish; Granville Island Bluesgrass Festival free show@Market Stage

SUN 23 Dance with Sheri Euechko@Sugar Refinery; Granville Island Bluesgrass Festival@Performance Works

MON 24 Pharcyde@Richard's on Richards; Rocksteady Ska Dance Night w/Ska-T@Gate; Elvis Costello@Queen Elizabeth Theatre; Bodner@Sugar Refinery; Granville Island Bluesgrass Festival@Performance Works

TUE 25 Local & Lady-Made Movies@Blinding Light Cinema; Not So Fast Freddie@Sugar Refinery

WED 26 Local & Lady-Made Movies@Blinding Light Cinema; Heather Cox@Sugar Refinery

THU 27 Asian Heritage Month Films out of Left Field@Blinding Light Cinema; Shazzam@Chameleon; Weatherheads, Greater Than Less Than@Starfish

FRI 28 Helicopters, Quadrangle@Starfish **SAT 29** Dave Sikula Quartet@Sugar Refinery; Alley Cat Scramble@Starfish; DJ Josh Michaels@Chameleon

SUN 30 Final dance piece by Sheri Euechko@Sugar Refinery **MON 31** Rocksteady Ska Dance Night w/Ska-T@Gate; Bodner@Sugar Refinery

SPECIAL EVENTS

GRRRLAPALOOZA

The very loud, proud, and theatrical Tribe 8 will be headlining this all-gender showcase of female-friendly artists on May 15th at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre, Che: Chapter 127, Veda Hille, Lund, Ersatz, Sarah & Teagan, comedy from the 30 Heleens, Taste This spoken word collective, Zero Gravity live performances, puppets, short films, a slide show, art installations and political info. tables are just some of the other treats awaiting audiences. Tickets, available through Ticketmaster, are \$11 in advance and \$12 at the door.

ELSEWHERELESS

Commissioned by Vancouver New Music in 1991, here's your chance to attend the Vancouver premiere of this modern opera, Elsewhereless, by composer Rodney Sharman and writer/director Atom Egoyan and featuring a stellar cast of Canadian opera's rising stars. *At the Vancouver Playhouse (tickets through Ticketmaster, 280.3311) for only five days, May 7, 8, 13, 14, 15.

THE BEAUTY PRECROSS: LIVE TIN

Krist Novoselic (surely you know who he is) directed this super 8 documentary about U2 and their struggles with the music biz. Thursday, May 20th, the Blinding Light Cinema presents a special screening of this exciting concert film hosted by none other than Mr. Novoselic himself. Also on the bill for this night of rock cinema are Sleater-Kinney's "Get Up" video (directed by Big Miss Moviola, Miranda July) and Paul Anka's classic Lonely Boy, call 878-3366 for info.

VENUES • BARS • THEATERS • RESTAURANTS • RECORD STORES

The Abyss 315 E. Broadway (side entrance)
Anderson's Restaurant (Jazz on the Creek)
Anza Club 3 W. 8th (Mount Pleasant)
Arts Hotline
Bassix 217 W. Hastings (at Cambie)
Backstage Lounge 1585 Johnston (Granville Island)
Black Sheep Books 2742 W. 4th (at MacDonald)
Blinding Light 36 Powell St.
The Brickyard 315 Carroll St.
Café Deux Soleils 2096 Commercial (the Drive)
Café Vieux Montreal 317 E. Broadway (Mount Pleasant)
Caprice Theatre 965 Granville (Granville Mall)
Celebrities 1022 Davis (at Burrard)
Cellar Jazz Café 3611 W. Broadway (downstairs)
Chameleon Urban Lounge 801 W. Georgia (Downtown)
Chan Centre 6265 Crescent Rd (UBC)
Club Mardi Gras 398 Richards St.
CN IMX Theatre 999 Canada Place
Columbia Hotel 803 Columbia (at Cordova)
Commodore Lanes 838 Granville (Granville Mall)
Cordova Café 307 Cordova (Gastown)
Denman Place Cinema 1030 Denman (West End)
Dr. Sun Yat-Sen Garden Main Hall 578 Carroll St.
DVB 515 Davis (downtown)
Firehall Arts Centre 80 E. Cordova (at Main)
Food Not Bombs Vancouver
Frederic Wood Theatre (UBC)
Garage Pub 2889 E. Hastings (downtown)
Gastown Theatre 36 Powell (Gastown)
The Gate 1176 Granville (downtown)
The Good Jack 225 E. Broadway (at Main)
The Grind Gallery 4124 Main (Mt. Pleasant)

488 6219
684 3777
876 7128
684 2787
689 7734
687 1354
732 5087
878 3366
885 3978
254 1195
873 1331
683 6099
689 2180
738 1959
669 0806
687 5007
682 4259
683 3757
681 1531
683 5637
683 2201
662 3027
682 4388
689 0926
872 6719
822 2678
822 9364
684 MASK
688 8071
872 5665
322 6057
Hollywood Theatre 3123 W. Broadway (Kitsilano)
Hot Jazz Society 2120 Main (Mt. Pleasant)
It's A Secret 1221 Granville St. (downtown)
Jericho Arts Centre 1600 Discovery (Pt. Grey)
Jupiter Cafe & Billiards 1216 Bute (near Denman St.)
La Quena 1111 Commercial (the Drive)
The Lotus Club 455 Abbott (Gastown)
Lucky's 3972 Main
Luv-A-Fair 1275 Seymour (downtown)
Wet Bar 1320 Richards (downtown)
Maximum Blues Pub 1176 Granville (downtown)
Medioluna 1926 W. Broadway
Minor Pavillion 7191 Granville (Richmond)
Moon Base Gallery 231 Carroll St. (gastown)
Noam Restaurant 2724 W. 4th Ave (Kitsilano)
Old American Pub 928 Main (downtown)
Orpheum Theatre Smith & Seymour (downtown)
Pacific Cinematheque 1131 Howe (downtown)
Palladium 1250 Richards (downtown)
Paradise 27 Church (New West)
Paradise Cinema 919 Granville (Granville Mall)
Park Theatre 3440 Cambie (South Vancouver)
Piccadilly Pub 630 W. Pender (at Seymour)
Pier Gallery 317 W. Hastings (downtown)
Plaza Theatre 881 Granville (downtown)
Purple Onion 15 Water St. (gastown)
Queen Elizabeth Theatre Hamilton & Georgia
Raffels Lounge 1221 Granville (downtown)
The Rage 750 Pacific Blvd. South (Plaza of Nations)
Railway Club 579 Dunsmuir (at Seymour)
Richard's On Richards 1036 Richards (downtown)
Ridge Cinema 3131 Arbutus (at 16th Ave.)

738 3211
873 4131
688 7755
224 8007
606 6665
251 6626
685 7777
875 9858
685 3288
230 6278
688 6771
608 0913
738 7151
682 3291
665 3050
688 3456
688 2648
525 0371
681 1732
876 2477
682 3221
681 6740
685 7050
602 9442
605 0002
473 1593
685 5585
681 1625
687 6794
738 6311
Russian Hall 600 Campbell (Chinatown)
Scratch Records 109 W. Cordova (Gastown)
Seynyn Hall 605 Mountain Hwy (North Van)
Shadblow Centre for the Arts 6450 Deer Lake Ave. (Bby)
Singles Going Steady 3296 Main (at 17th)
Sonar 66 Water (Gastown)
Southall Candy Shop 4198 Main (at 26th)
Squish'd Knish 4470 Main (at 29th)
The Space 316 Hastings (downtown)
Starfish Room 1055 Haven (downtown)
Starlight Cinema 935 Denman (West End)
Station Street Arts Centre 930 Station (off Main)
St. Regis Hotel 602 Dunsmuir (downtown)
Stone Temple Cabaret 1082 Granville St. (downtown)
Sugar Refinery 1115 Granville (downtown)
Theatre E 254 E. Hastings (Chinatown)
Thunderbird Ent. Centre 120 W. 16th St. (N. Van)
Vancouver E. Cultural Centre 1895 Venables (at Victoria)
Vancouver Little Theatre 3102 Main (Mt. Pleasant)
Vancouver Press Club 2215 Granville (S. Granville)
Varsity Theatre 4375 W. 10th (Point Grey)
Vert/Washout 1020 Granville (downtown)
Video in Studios 1965 Main (Mt. Pleasant)
Virgin Mega Store 788 Burrard (at Robson)
Vogue Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall)
Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson (Granville Is.)
Western Front 303 E. 8th Ave (near Main)
Whip Gallery 209 E. 8th Ave (at Main)
W.I.S.E. Hall 1882 Adanac (the Drive)
Women In Print 3566 W. 4th (Kitsilano)
Yule Blues Pub 1300 Granville (downtown)
Zulu Records 1869 W. 4th (Kitsilano)

MAY 12



EMINEM

WITH
GUESTS
BEATNUTS
THE RAGE

FRIDAY MAY 14

BAD RELIGION

ALL AGES!

STRUNG OUT + DIESEL CANDY + BELVEDERE

SCHEDULE

S 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

UBC STUDENT REC CENTRE

FRIDAY MAY 14

FEATURING ANNA DOMINO
& MICHAEL DELORY

TRIP-HOP MEETS FOLK NOIR

SNAKE FARM

WITH SPECIAL GUEST p.j. olsson

EARLY SHOW
DOORS 7PM

SONAR

MAY 18

Buckcherry

WITH THE BLACK HALOS

STARFISH ROOM

MAY 24

Elvis Costello

IN CONCERT
WITH Steve Nieve

QUEEN ELIZABETH THEATRE

JULY 14

ENTREPRENEUR CHALLENGE



EDF

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THE VIBE REPORT

IMPORTANT NEW SOUNDS FOR YOUR URBAN EARSCAPES

PIZZICATO FIVE Playgirl & Playboy CD/LP

It's become stylish to get married in Las Vegas. "Tell me you love me," "I do." Take your vows with Shibuya-kei's most outed "club-pop-meets-easy beat" duo, as they get the horns to groove, the hips to move, and spell out I-ET-S-M-A-K-E-L-O-V-E oh so smoothly! Wedding equal parts **Earth Kitt**, **Serge Gainsbourg** and **Saint Etienne**, **Playgirl & Playboy** is a detour from their recent drum 'n bass influenced stylings, orchestrating lush arrangements of soft-rock sounds with very hip effect. "I Hear A Symphony" stands to become the sultry anthem of choice for all cooling Lovelords!

16.98 CD 14.98 LP



FANTASTIC PLASTIC MACHINE Luxury CD/LP

Sitting comfortably like a rattan lounger, the bubbles in the tumbler should rise to the top of the glass, attaching themselves willingly to the lemon, which floats there carelessly under the afternoon sun. "Now that's a Gin and Tonic!" I scream. Creating the perfect soundtrack my own private Fantasy Island episode. **FANTASTIC PLASTIC MACHINE** magically co-exists in a realm between '60s lounge vibes and '90s electro-bliss, where melodies seduce the ear. "Is this truly?" I know that fact. Wait yes of course, it's... "Deliriously we floaty float along."

16.98 CD 14.98 LP

MAN OR ASTROMAN E.E.V.I.A.C. CD

The distinct signal strikes in the right T. The very real possibility of nuclear annihilation makes the air go stale like a rag, used to mop the brow's nervous beads of sweat. Will our rockin' engineers develop the new software technology required to strike a chord, not unlike a wild mix of midtown surf instrumental and manic synthesizer noodling, against their evil enemies? Will **E.E.V.I.A.C.** interface with the nation's distress calling us to **Disco-Tune** in next week's finale... Same **MAN OR ASTROMAN** time! Same **MAN OR ASTROMAN** channel!

16.98 CD



GENTLE WAVES The Green Fields of Foreverland

Another voice in the Belle and Sebastian choir stands from the pews. Multi-instrumentalist **Isabel Campbell** makes clear that there is more than one talent in "that" little corner of Scotland. Faint knew this album was on way long before it was even recorded. It's come time to settle down. The **GENTLE WAVES** have brought this folk-pop treat ashore for us to enjoy. Ready your heart and home for this quiet aftermath. Yes, other **Belle** and **Sebastian** players dip into this water too.

18.98 CD



THE BLACK HALOS s/t CD/LP

Its clear teenagers are becoming increasingly disenfranchised with the state of modern music. Communicated through modems and television screens, modern music has become a spectator's sport—without any real promise or tangible moving emotion. Here's where **THE BLACK HALOS** come in. Your affluence to their resurgent "your 'Dawning the line' is their start point of oblivious abandon. Simply put, they're equipped and we're not. Combining the sound and spirit of the most dangerous era of rock—the sick '70s—and—tuned on the primal power of the **Stooges**, **Dead Boys** and **New York Dolls**, these Halos are here to bring closure to the dire state of rock, only to deliver it newborn back into the hands of the people. Yes!

16.98 CD 12.98 LP

THE CRABS Sand and Sea CD

As far as the **Li-Fi Records** label, **THE CRABS** are old favorites here along the Zulu shoreline, as well as that of their native Seattle. 10 songs that recall the innocence of **Beat Happening**, the groovy coolness of **The Velvet Underground**, and a tinkling pop sensibility à la **Love**, that's got them graduating head of the class. Previously known as a duo, **Sarah Dougher** of **Cadillac** adds a little pizzicato to their claws courtesy of her wild farfisa organ! Stop by for kelp!

16.98 CD



EUPHONE Calendar of Unlucky Days CD

This aptly named band certainly is pleasing to the ear! **Herbie Doss** members **Ryan Rayps** and **Nick Macri** use all kinds of studio smarts to fill out this cool, good natured, instrumental pop record. But they're not hiding behind bands of electronic devices. Nope, they've got their chops in order too. **Rayps** is definitely one of the better drummers around. If you're banking this sound like it might come out of Chicago, you're right! Look out **Tartale**, these swift young guns may take your **(Sea and) Cake**. Bad jokes aside, this really is a great record. Recommended.

16.98 CD



THE HERBALISER Very Mercenary CD

Topping the terrific **Blow your Headphones Off**, these adventurous English hip-hop technicians again prove that they know how to cut, edit, together. Everything is in order: the funk, a little jazz and down tempo, some **Klax**, the funk again. Even Canadian hip-hop veterans **The Dream Warriors** make an appearance, as well as **What, What, Blade, Bahamadia** and **Roots Manuva**. Working an inventive sound of their own, **Ollie Teeba** and **Jake Wherry** continue to do **Ninja Tune** right. Fresh beats for new players.

CD \$16.98



NIGHTMARES ON WAX Carboot Soul CD

Get away down with this long overdue release from **George Evelyn's** smooth operation, **NIGHTMARES ON WAX**. Now with a larger more versatile **Danby** every one should become pleasantly groggy (at the second hand session). This trunk of soul will also easily please old fans of **Smoke's Delight** and new fans will also dig its cool laid-back demeanor. Mellow trippy beats for the next time you want to get high at **Sawley** (figuratively speaking, not an endorsement).

16.98 CD



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THE FALL - The Marshall Suite CD/LP
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BOUNCING SOULS - Hopeless Romantic CD/LP

GOLDEN - Super Golden Original Movement CD
FANTOMAS - s/t CD

FUGAZI - 'Instrument' soundtrack CD/LP

GOOD RIDDANCE - Operation Phoenix CD/LP

JOHN ZORN/MASADA - Live in Jerusalem 1994 2CD

FLESHSTONES - Return to Hitsburg CD

NEGATIVLAND/CHUMBAWAMBA - The ABC's of Anarchy CD

SMALLS - My Dear Little Angel CD

OLD '97S - Fight Songs CD

Soundtrack - SB1 CD

LAMB - B Line CD-EP/12"

LUNA - Super Freaky Memories CD-EP

MURDER CITY DEVILS Broken Bottles, Empty Hearts CD/LP

Hold off on that postmortem, and your knives away, this baby isn't dead yet. No way, this dirty body still jumps and lurches with spirit. Consider yourself warned. But this isn't any Frankenstein, either, this is no zombie, this is blood and meat and youth and energy. Of course we're talking about sweet rock and roll music here, that's right, of course we're talking about the **MURDER CITY DEVILS**. These guys do the business—hard and fast and true. There's no taking, no scam, no bullshit and no one else this close to the vein. Now thanks to the disciples at **Scratch**, who brought this good word home for us to share, the floor is clear. Get up and dance.

14.98 CD 12.98 LP



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